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Poetry.

A BROKEN STRING.

Sing, and to you! No—no—with one note jarred,
The harmony of Life's long chord is broken;
Your words were light, and by light lips were
spoken,
And yet the music that you love is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand,
Strike and it throbs and vibrates at your will,
Pulses upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet, lost tone. Take what is left, or let
Life's music sleep in death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain—

And yet, perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night-wind sweep
Around our windows when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long sobbing, moaning cry.

One faint, far tone will waken and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain;
Hand will touch hand, and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies—

Or lingering in the Summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the Crimson West,
Burning like some great heart that cannot rest,
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow.

Some old, forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth, and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness—to our lips the name
Of Love steal softly for the old love's sake.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

The Dead Alive.

A Startling Story of the Franco Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GREAT HEART AND LITTLE HEART.

There was a pause.

The moments passed—and not one of the three moved. The moments passed—and not one of the three spoke. Insensibly the words of supplication died away on Julian's lips. Even his energy failed to sustain him, tried as it was now by the crushing oppression of suspense. The first trifling movement which suggested the idea of change, and which so brought with it the first vague sense of relief, came from Mercy. Incapable of sustaining the prolonged effort of standing, she drew back a little and took a chair. No outward manifestation of emotion escaped her. There she sat—with the death like torpor of resignation in her face—waiting her sentence in silence from the man at whom she had hurled the whole terrible confession of the truth in one sentence! Julian lifted his head and she moved. He looked at Horace, and advancing a few steps looked again. There was fear in his face, and he suddenly turned it toward Mercy.

"Speak to him!" he said in a whisper. "Rouse him, before it's too late!"

She moved mechanically in her chair; she looked mechanically at Julian.

"What more have I to say to him?" she asked, in faint, weary tones. "Did I not tell him every thing when I told him my name?"

The natural sound of her voice might have failed to affect Horace. The altered sound of it roused him. He approached Mercy's chair, with a dull surprise in his face, and put his hand in a weak, wavering way on her shoulder. In that position he stood for a while, looking down at her in silence. The one idea in him that found its way outward to expression was the idea of Julian. Without moving his hand, without looking up from Mercy, he spoke for the first time since the shock had fallen on him.

"Where is Julian?" he asked, quietly.

"I am here, Horace—close by you."

"Will you do me a service?"

"Certainly. How can I help you?"

He considered a little before he replied. His hand left Mercy's shoulder, and went up to his head—then dropped at his side. His next words were spoken in a sadly helpless, bewildered way.

"I have an idea, Julian, that I have been somehow to blame. I said some hard words to you. It was a little while since. I don't clearly remember what it was about. My temper has been a good deal tried, in this house; I have never been used to the sort of thing that goes on here—secrets and mysteries, and hateful, low-lived quarrels. We have no secrets and mysteries at home. And as for quarrels—ridiculous! My mother and my sisters are highly bred women (you know them); gentlewomen, in the best sense of the word. When I am with them I have no anxieties. I am not harassed at home by doubts of who people are, and confusion about names, and so on. I suspect the contrast weighs a little on my mind, and upsets it. They make me over suspicious among them here, and it ends in my feeling doubts and fears that I can't get over; doubts about you and fears about myself. I have got a fear about myself now. I want you to help me. Shall I make an apology first?"

"Don't say a word. Tell we what I can do."

He turned his face toward Julian for the first time.

"Just look at me," he said. "Does it strike you that I am at all wrong in my mind? Tell me the truth, old fellow."

"Your nerves are a little shaken, Horace. Nothing more."

He considered again after that reply, his eyes remaining anxiously fixed on Julian's face.

"My nerves are a little shaken," he repeated. "That is true; I feel they are shaken. I should like, if you don't mind, to make sure that's it's no worse. Will you help me to try if my memory is all right?"

"I will do any thing you like."

"Ah! you are a good fellow, Julian—and a clear-headed fellow, too, which is very important just now. Look here!—I say it's about a week since the troubles began in this house. Do you say so to?"

"Yes."

"The troubles came in with the coming of a woman from Germany, a stranger to us, who behaved very violently in the dining-room there. Am I right, so far?"

"Quite right."

"The woman carried matters with a high hand. She claimed Colonel Roseberry—no, I wish to be strictly accurate—she claimed *the late* Colonel Roseberry as her father. She told a tiresome story about her having been robbed of her papers and her name by an impostor who had personated her. She said the name of the impostor was Mercy Merrick. And she afterward put the climax to it all: she pointed to the lady who is engaged to be my wife, and declared that *she* was Mercy Merrick. Tell me again, is that right or wrong?"

Julian answered him as before. He went on, speaking more confidently and more excitedly than he had spoken yet.

"Now attend to this, Julian. I am going to pass from my memory of what happened a week ago to my memory of what happened five minutes since. You were present; I want to know if you heard it too?" He paused, and, without taking his eyes off Julian, pointed backward to Mercy. "There is the lady who is engaged to marry me," he resumed. "Did I, or did I not, hear her say that she had come out of a Refuge, and that she was going back to a Refuge? Did I, or did I not, hear her own to my face that her name was Mercy Merrick? Answer me, Julian. My good friend, answer me, for the sake of old times."

His voice faltered as he spoke those imploring words. Under the dull blank of his face there appeared the first signs of emotion slowly forcing its way outward. The stunned mind was reviving faintly. Julian saw his opportunity of aiding the recovery, and seized it. He took Horace gently by the arm, and pointed to Mercy.

"There is your answer!" he said. 'Look—and pity her."

She had not once interrupted them while they had been speaking; she had changed her position again, and that was all. There was a writing-table at the side of her chair; her outstretched arms rested on it. Her head had dropped on her arms, and her face was hidden. Julian's judgment had not misled him; the utter self-abandonment of her attitude answered Horace as no human language could have answered him. He looked at her. A quick spasm of pain passed across his face. He turned once more to the faithful friend who had forgiven him. His head fell on Julian's shoulder, and he burst into tears. Mercy started wildly to her feet, and looked at the two men.

"O God!" she cried, "what have I done!"

Julian quieted her by a motion of his hand.

"You have helped me to save him," he said. "Let his tears have their way. Wait."

He put one arm round Horace to support him. The manly tenderness of the action, the complete and noble pardon of past injuries which it implied, touched Mercy to the heart. She went back to her chair. Again shame and sorrow overpowered her, and again she hid her face from view. Julian led Horace to a seat, and silently waited by him until he had recovered his self-control. He gratefully took the kind hand that had sustained him: he said, simply, almost boyishly, "Thank you, Julian. I am better now."

"Are you composed enough to listen to what is said to you?" Julian asked.

"Yes. Do you wish to speak to me?"

Julian left him without immediately replying, and returned to Mercy.

"The time has come," he said. "Tell him all—truly, unreservedly, as you would tell it to me."

She shuddered as he spoke. "Have I not told him enough?" she asked. "Do you want me to break his heart? Look at him! Look what I have already done!"

Horace shrank from the ordeal as Mercy shrank from it.

"No, no! I can't listen to it! I daren't listen to it!" he cried, and rose to leave the room.

Julian had taken the good work in hand; he never faltered over it for an instant. Horace had loved her—how dearly Julian now knew for the first time. The bare possibility that she might earn her pardon if she was allowed to plead her own cause was a possibility still left. To let her win on Horace to forgive her, was death to the love that still filled his heart in secret. But he never hesitated. With a resolution which the weaker man was powerless to resist, he took him by the arm, and led him back to his place.

"For her sake, and for your sake, you shall not condemn her unheard," he said to Horace, firmly. "One temptation to deceive you after another has tried her, and she has resisted them all. With no discovery to fear, with no letter from the benefactress who loved her commanding her to be silent, with only one thing that a woman values in the world to lose, if she owns what she has done—*this* woman, for the truth's sake, has spoken the truth. Does she deserve nothing at your hands in return for that? Respect her, Horace—and hear her."

Horace yielded. Julian turned to Mercy.

"You have allowed me to guide you so far," he said. "Will you allow me to guide you still?"

Her eyes sank before his; her bosom rose and fell rapidly. His influence over her maintained its sway. She bowed her head in speechless submission.

"Tell him," Julian proceeded, in accents of entreaty, not of command—"tell him what your life has been. Tell him how you were tried and tempted, with no friend near to speak the words which might have saved you. And then," he added, raising her from the chair, "let him judge you—if he can."

He attempted to lead her across the room to the place which Horace occupied. But her submission had its limits. Half-way to the place she stopped, and refused to go further. Julian offered her a chair. She declined to take it. Standing with one hand on the back of the chair, she waited for the word from Horace which would permit her to speak. She was resigned to the ordeal. Her face was calm; her mind was clear. The hardest of all humiliations to endure—the humiliation of acknowledging her name—she had passed through. Nothing remained but to show her gratitude to Julian by acceding to his wishes and to ask pardon of Horace before they parted forever. In a little while the matron would arrive at the house—and then it would be over. Unwillingly Horace looked at her. Their eyes met. He broke out suddenly with something of his former violence.

"I can't realize it even now!" he cried. *Is* it true that you are not Grace Roseberry? Don't look at me! Say in one word—Yes or No!"

She answered him, humbly and sadly. "Yes."

"You have done what that woman accused you of doing? Am I to believe that?"

"You are to believe it, Sir."

All the weakness of Horace's character disclosed itself when she made that reply.

"Infamous!" he exclaimed. "What excuse can you make for the cruel deception you have practiced on me? Too bad! too bad! There can be no excuse for you!"

She accepted his reproaches with unshaken resignation. "I have deserved it!" was all she said to herself, "I have deserved it!"

Julian interposed once more in Mercy's defence.

"Wait till you are sure there is no excuse for her, Horace," he said, quietly. "Grant her justice, if you can grant no more. I leave you together."

He advanced toward the door of the dining-room. Horace's weakness disclosed itself once more.

"Don't leave me alone with her!" he burst out. "The misery of it is more than I can bear!"

Julian looked at Mercy. Her face brightened faintly. That momentary expression of relief told him how truly he would be befriending her if he consented to remain in the room. A position of retirement was offered to him by a recess formed by the central bay-window of the library. If he occupied this place, they could see or not see that he was present, as their own imaginations might decide them.

"I will stay with you, Horace, as long as you wish me to be here." Having answered in those terms, he stopped as he passed Mercy on his way to the window. His quick and kindly insight told him that he might still be of some service to her. A hint from him might show her the shortest and the easiest way of making her confession. Delicately and briefly he gave her the hint. "The first time I met you," he said, "I saw that your life had its troubles. Let us hear now how those troubles began."

He withdrew to his place in the recess. For the first time, since the fatal evening when she and Grace Roseberry had met in the French cottage, Mercy Merrick looked back into the purgatory on earth of her past life, and told her sad story simply and truly in these words.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAGDALEN'S APPRENTICESHIP.

"Mr. Julian Gray has asked me to tell him, and to tell you, Mr. Holmcroft, how my trouble began. They began before my recollection. They began with my birth.

"My mother (as I have heard her say) ruined her prospects, when she was quite a young girl, by a marriage with one of her father's servants—the groom who rode out with her. She suffered, poor creature, the usual penalty of such conduct as hers. After a short time she and her husband were separated—on the condition of her sacrificing to the man whom she had married the whole of the little fortune that she possessed in her own right.

"Gaining her freedom, my mother had to gain her daily bread next. Her family refused to take her back. She attached herself to a company of strolling players.

"She was earning a bare living in this way, when my father accidentally met with her. He was a man of high rank, proud of his position, and well-known in the society of that time for his many accomplishments and his refined tastes. My mother's beauty fascinated him. He took her from the strolling players, and surrounded her with every luxury that a woman could desire in a house of her own.

"I don't know how long they lived together. I only know that my father, at the time of my first recollections, had abandoned her. She had excited his suspicions of her fidelity—suspicions which cruelly wronged her, as she declared to her dying day. I believed her, because she was my mother. But I cannot expect others to do as I did—I can only repeat what she said. My father left her absolutely penniless. He never saw her again; and he refused to go to her when she sent to him in her last moments on earth.

"She was back again among the strolling players when I first remember her. It was not an unhappy time for me. I was the favorite pet and plaything of the poor actors. They taught me to sing and to dance at an age when other children are just beginning to read. At five years old I was in what is called, 'the profession,' and had made my poor little reputation in booths at country fairs. As early as that, Mr. Holmcroft, I had begun to live under an assumed name—the prettiest name they could invent for me to look well in the bills.' It was sometimes a hard struggle for us, in bad seasons, to keep body and soul together. Learning to sing and dance in public often meant learning to bear hunger and cold in private, when I was apprenticed to the stage. And yet I have lived to look back on my days with the strolling players as the happiest days of my life!

"I was ten years old when the first serious misfortune that I can remember fell upon me. My mother died, worn out in the prime of her life. And not long afterward the strolling company, brought to the end of its resources by a succession of bad seasons, broke up.

"I was left on the world, a nameless, penniless outcast, with one fatal inheritance—God knows, I can speak of it without vanity, after what I have gone through!—the inheritance of my mother's beauty.

"My only friends were the poor starved-out players. Two of them (husband and wife) obtained engagements in another company, and I was included in the bargain. The new manager by whom I was employed was a drunkard and a brute. One night I made a trifling mistake in the course of the performance—and I was savagely beaten for it. Perhaps I had inherited some of my father's spirit—without, I hope, also inheriting my father's pitiless nature. However that may be, I resolved (no matter what became of me) never again to serve the man who had beaten me. I unlocked the door of our miserable lodging at daybreak the next morning; and, at ten years old, with my little bundle in my hand, I faced the world alone.

"My mother had confided to me, in her last moments, my father's name and the address of his house in London. 'He may feel some compassion for you' (she said), 'though he feels none for me: try him.' I had a few shillings, the last pitiful remains of my wages, in my pocket; and I was not far from London. But I never went near my father; child as I was, I would have starved and died rather than go to him. I had loved my mother dearly; and I hated the man who had turned his back on her when she lay on her death bed. It made no difference to Me that he happened to be my father.

"Does this confession revolt you? You look at me, Mr. Holmcroft, as if it did.

"Think a little, Sir. Does what I have just said condemn me as a heartless creature, even in my earliest years? What is a father to a child—when the child has never sat on his knee, and never had a kiss or a present from him! If we had met in the street, we should not have known each other. Perhaps in after-days, when I was starving in London, I may have begged of my father without knowing it; and he may have thrown his daughter a penny to get rid of her, without knowing it either! What is there sacred in the relations between father and child, when they are such relations as these? Even the flowers of the field can not grow without light and air to help them! How is a child's love to grow, with nothing to help it?

"My small savings would have been soon exhausted, even if I had been old enough and strong enough to protect them myself. As things were, my few shillings were taken from me by gypsies. I had no reason to complain. They gave me food and the shelter of their tents, and they made me of use to them in various ways. After a while hard times came to the gypsies, as they had come to the strolling players. Some of them were imprisoned; the rest were dispersed. It was the season for hop-gathering at the time. I got employment among the hop pickers next; and that done, I went to London with my new friends.

"I have no wish to weary and pain you by dwelling on this part of my childhood in detail. It will be enough if I tell you that I sank lower and lower until I ended in selling matches in the street. My mother's legacy got me many a sixpence which my matches would never have charmed out of the pockets of strangers if I had been an ugly child. My face, which was destined to be my greatest misfortune in after years, was my best friend in those days.

"Is there any thing, Mr. Holmcroft, in the life I am now trying to describe which reminds you of a day when we were out walking together not long since?

"I surprised and offended you, I remember; and it was not possible for me to explain my conduct at the time. Do you recollect the little wandering girl, with the miserable faded nosegay in her hand, who ran after us, and begged for a half-penny? I shocked you by bursting out crying when the child asked us to buy her a bit of bread. Now you know why I was so sorry for her. Now you know why I offended you the next day by breaking an engagement with your mother and sisters, and going to see that child in her wretched home. After what I have confessed, you will admit that my poor little sister in adversity had the first claim on me.

"Let me go on. I am sorry if I have distressed you. Let me go on.

"The forlorn wanderers of the streets have (as I found it) one way always open to them of presenting their sufferings to the notice of their rich and charitable fellow creatures. They have only to break the law—and they make a public appearance in a court of justice. If the circumstances connected with their offense are of an interesting kind, they gain a second advantage; they are advertised all over England by a report in the newspapers.

"Yes! even *I* have my knowledge of the law. I knew that it completely overlooked me as long as I respected it. But on two different occasions it became my best friend when I sat it at defiance! My first fortunate offense was committed when I was just twelve years old.

"It was evening time. I was half dead with starvation; the rain was falling; the night was coming on. I begged—openly, loudly, as only a hungry child *can* beg. An old lady in a carriage at a shop door complained of my importunity. The policeman did his duty. The law gave me a supper and shelter at the station-house that night. I appeared at the police court, and, questioned by the magistrate, I told my story truly. It was the every-day story of thousands of children like me; but it had one element of interest in it. I confessed to having had a father (he was then dead) who had been a man of rank; and I owned (just as openly as I owned every thing else) that I had never applied to him for help, in resentment of his treatment of my mother. This incident was new, I suppose: it led to the appearance of my 'case' in the newspapers. The reporters further served my interests by describing me as 'pretty and interesting.' Subscriptions were sent to the court. A benevolent married couple, in a respectable sphere of life, visited the workhouse to see me. I produced a favorable impression on them—especially on the wife. I was literally friendless; I had no unwelcome relatives to follow me and claim me. The wife was childless; the husband was a good-natured man. It ended in their taking me away with them to try me in service.

"I have always felt the aspiration, no matter how low I may have fallen, to struggle upward to a position above me; to rise, in spite of fortune, superior to my lot in life. Perhaps some of my father's pride may be at the root of this restless feeling in me. It seems to be a part of my nature. It brought me into this house—and it will go with me out of this house. Is it my curse, or my blessing? I am not able to decide.

"On the first night when I slept in my new home I said to myself, 'They have taken me to be their servant; I will be something more than that—they shall end in taking me for their child.' Before I had been a week in the house I was the wife's favorite companion in the absence of her husband at his place of business. She was a highly accomplished woman greatly her husband's superior in cultivation, and, unfortunately for herself, also his superior in years. The love was all on her side. Excepting certain occasions on which he roused her jealousy, they lived together on sufficiently friendly terms. She was one of the many wives who resign themselves to be disappointed in their husbands—and he was one of the many husbands who never know what their wives really think of them. Her one great happiness was in teaching me. I was eager to learn; I made rapid progress. At my pliant age I soon acquired the refinements of language and manner which characterized my mistress. It is only the truth to say that the cultivation which has made me capable of personating a lady was her work.

"For three happy years I lived under that friendly roof. I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, when the fatal inheritance from my mother cast its first shadow on my life. One miserable day the wife's motherly love for me changed in an instant to the jealous hatred that never forgives. Can you guess the reason? The husband fell in love with me.

"I was innocent; I was blameless. He owned it himself to the clergyman who was with him at his death. By that time years had passed. It was too late to justify me.

"He was at an age (when I was under his care) when men are usually supposed to regard women with tranquility, if not with indifference. It had been the habit of years with me to look on him as my second father. In my innocent ignorance of the feeling which really inspired him, I permitted him to indulge in little paternal familiarities with me, which inflamed his guilty passion. His wife discovered him—not I. No words can describe my astonishment and my horror when the first outbreak of her indignation forced on me the knowledge of the truth. On my knees I declared myself guiltless. On my knees I implored her to do justice to my purity and my youth. At other times the sweetest and the most considerate of women, jealousy had now transformed her to a perfect fury. She accused me of deliberately encouraging him. She declared she would turn me out of the house with her own hands. Like other easy-tempered men, her husband had reserves of anger in him which it was dangerous to provoke. When his wife lifted her hand against me, he lost all self-control, on his side. He openly told her that life was worth nothing to him without me. He openly avowed his resolution to go with me when I left the house. The maddened woman seized him by the arm—I saw that, and saw no more. I ran into the street, panic-stricken. A cab was passing. I got into it before he could open the house door, and drove to the only place of refuge I could think of—a small shop, kept by the widowed sister of one of our servants. Here I obtained shelter for the night. The next day he discovered me. He made his vile proposals; he offered me the whole of his fortune; he declared his resolution, say what I might, to return the next day. That night, by the help of the good woman who had taken care of me—under cover of the darkness, as if *I* had been to blame—I was secretly removed to the East End of London, and placed under the charge of a trust-worthy person who lived, in a very humble way, by letting lodgings.

"Here, in a little back garret at the top of the house, I was thrown again on the world—at an age when it was doubly perilous for me to be left to my own resources to earn the bread I ate and the roof that covered me.

"I claim no credit to myself—young as I was, placed as I was between the easy life of Vice and the hard life of Virtue—for acting as I did. The man simply horrified me: my natural impulse was to escape from him. But let it be remembered, before I approach the saddest part of my story, that I was an innocent girl, and that I was at least not to blame.

"Forgive me for dwelling as I have done on my early years. I shrink from speaking of the events that are still to come.

"In losing the esteem of my first benefactress I had, in my friendless position, lost all hold on an honest life—except the one frail hold of needle-work. The only reference of which I could now dispose was the recommendation of me by my landlady to a place of business which largely employed expert needle-women. It is needless for me to tell you how miserably work of that sort is remunerated: you have read of it in the newspapers. As long as my health lasted I contrived to live and keep out of debt. Few girls could have resisted as long as I did the slowly-poisoning influences of crowded work-rooms, insufficient nourishment and almost total privation of exercise. My life as a child had been a life in the open air: it had helped to strengthen a constitution naturally free from all taint of hereditary disease. But my time came at last. Under the cruel strain laid on it my health gave way. I was struck down by a low fever, and sentence was pronounced on me by my fellow-lodgers: 'Ah, poor thing, *her* troubles will soon be at an end!'

"The prediction might have proved true—I might never have committed the errors and endured the sufferings of after-years—if I had fallen ill in another house.

"But it was my good or my evil fortune—I dare not say which—to have interested in myself and my sorrows an actress at a suburban theatre, who occupied the room under mine. Except when her stage duties took her away for two or three hours in the evening, this noble creature never left my bedside. Ill as she could afford it, her purse paid my inevitable expenses while I lay helpless. The landlady, moved by her example, accepted half the weekly rent of my room. The doctor, with the Christian kindness of his profession, would take no fees. All that the tenderest care could accomplish was lavished on me; my youth and my constitution did the rest. I struggled back to life—and then I took up my needle again.

"It may surprise you that I should have failed (having an actress for my dearest friend) to use the means of introduction thus offered to me to try the stage—especially as my childish training had given me, in some small degree, a familiarity with the Art.

"I had only one motive for shrinking from an appearance at the theatre—but it was strong enough to induce me to submit to any alternative that remained, no matter how hopeless it might be. If I showed myself on the public stage my discovery by the man from whom I had escaped would be only a question of time. I knew him to be habitually a play-goer and a subscriber to a theatrical newspaper. I had even heard him speak of the theatre to which my friend was attached, and compare it advantageously with places of amusement of far higher pretentions. Sooner or later, if I joined the company, he would be certain to go and see 'the new actress.' The bare thought of it reconciled me to returning to my needle. Before I was strong enough to endure the atmosphere of the crowded work-room I obtained permission, as a favor, to resume my occupation at home.

"Surely my choice was the choice of a virtuous girl? And yet the day when I returned to my needle was the fatal day of my life.

"I had now not only to provide for the wants of the passing hour—I had my debts to pay. It was only to be done by toiling harder than ever, and by living more poorly than ever. I soon paid the penalty, in my weakened state, of leading such a life as this. One evening my head turned suddenly giddy; my heart throbbed frightfully. I managed to open the window, and to let the fresh air into the room, and I felt better. But I was not sufficiently recovered to be able to thread my needle. I thought to myself, 'If I go out for half an hour, a little exercise may put me right again.' I had not, as I suppose, been out more than ten minutes when the attack from which I had suffered in my room was renewed. There was no shop near in which I could take refuge. I tried to ring the bell of the nearest house door. Before I could reach it I fainted in the street.

"How long hunger and weakness left me at the mercy of the first stranger who might pass by, it is impossible for me to say.

"When I partially recovered my senses I was conscious of being under shelter somewhere, and of having a wine-glass containing some cordial mixture held to my lips by a man. I managed to swallow—I don't know how little or how much. The stimulant had a very strange effect on me. Reviving me at first, it ended in stupefying me. I lost my senses once more.

"When I next recovered myself, the day was breaking. I was in a bed in a strange room. A nameless terror seized me. I called out. Three or four women came in, whose faces betrayed, even to my inexperienced eyes, the shameless infamy of their lives. I started up in the bed. I implored them to tell me where I was, and what had happened—

"Spare me! I can say no more. Not long since you heard Miss Roseberry call me an outcast from the streets. Now you know—as God is my judge I am speaking the truth!—now you know what made me an outcast, and in what measure I deserved my disgrace."

Her voice faltered, her resolution failed her, for the first time.

"Give me a few minutes," she said, in low, pleading tones. "If I try to go on now, I am afraid I shall cry."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whom Victoria has Outlived.

London Hornet.

And now, as she looks back on the two and forty years of her reign, what changes has her Majesty seen in the personnel of her Privy Council, her Parliament, and her Cabinet Ministers, to say nothing of her Judicial and Episcopal Bench. She has outlived by several years every Bishop and every Judge whom she found seated on those benches in England, Scotland and Ireland. She has witnessed the funeral of every Premier who has served under her, except Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Not a single Cabinet Minister of her uncle and predecessor's days now survives; and, of those who held inferior offices under her first and favorite Premier, Lord Melbourne, I can find among the living only Lord Halifax (then Mr. Charles Wood) and Lord Howick (now Lord Grey.)

Of the members of the Privy Council which sat at Kensington Palace on that bright Summer morning in June, 1837, to administer the oaths to the girlish Queen, I can find in the land of the living only four individuals. Mr. George S. Byng (now Lord Stafford), Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), and the veteran Earl of Wilton.

In fact, it may be said that her Majesty has lived to receive at court in very many perhaps in most instances, the successive wearers of the same coronet, and she has seen four Lords Beauchamp, four Lords Aberdeen, four Dukes of Newcastle, four Dukes of Northumberland, and five Lords Rodney. She has received the homage of four Archbishops of Canterbury, of four Archbishops of York, and of five Bishops of Chester, Lichfield and Durham successively. She has filled each of the three offices of Justiceships twice at least; she has received the addresses of four successive Speakers of the House of Commons; she has intrusted the great Seal of the Kingdom to no less than nine different Lord Chancellors; and she has commissioned eight successive Premiers to form no less that 13 different administrations.

A Boy's Vacation Letter.

Boston Globe.

A small boy was sent to the country to board a short time ago. He promised his mother that he would write a good long letter, describing his trip and boarding place, etc. A week went by, and his poor mother was nearly distracted when she got the following interesting letter from him: "I am here, and I swapped my watch for a pup, and he is the boss pup; and I went in swimmin' 14 times yesterday, and a feller stole my pocket-book, and I shall want some money; and I shall bring the pup home."

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

Accounts of the Portuguese Explorer's Travels in the Dark Continent.

The Lisbon correspondent of *The London Standard*, writing under date of June 21, gives the following from Maj. Pinto's lecture on his explorations in Africa:

"Aided by the information received from the natives, I succeeded in determining the sources of the Caundo. All the great rivers of South Africa have their sources in an immense rich plain seventeen hundred metres above the level of the sea, in 12 degrees south latitude. The way in which rivers take their rise and are formed in Africa is curious. In the beginning a slight humidity is observable, resembling the trickling of a small fountain; but by degrees the current swells, and suddenly, without having received any visible affluents, becomes an enormous river, on which one may sail at will. At its source the Cuando is a tiny rill, which I saw flowing between my feet. A little lower down I descended it in a canoe, accompanied by two little blacks here. The river is quite navigable until it enters the Zambesi, where Livingstone called it the Chobe, a name entirely unknown at the present day in Africa. It forms many curves, which delay navigation. Many of the affluents of the Cuando are navigable. There is a cataract at the extremity of one which was almost fatal to me, as it had never been mentioned by anybody. There is no connection by water between the Cuando and the Cubango. The course I followed was through Ungo-e-Ungo, which would lead me from the Cuando to the Upper Zambesi. The ground I traversed was all miry, an immense marsh. I was accompanied on my passage through a part of this region by natives generously supplied by a friendly chief. There was no game; water covered everything, and we consequently suffered much misery and many privations.

"I here made

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS DISCOVERIES

of my journey. I one day noticed that one of the carriers was a white man. He belonged to a race entirely unknown up to the present day. A great white people exists in South Africa. Their name is Cassequer. They are whiter than the Caucasians, and in place of hair have their heads covered with very small tufts of very short wool. Their cheek bones are prominent; their eyes are like those of the Chinese. The men are extremely robust. When they discharge an arrow at an elephant the shaft is completely buried in the animal's body. They live on roots and the chase, and it is only when these supplies fail them that they hold any relations with the neighboring races, the Ambuelas, from whom they obtain food in exchange for ivory. The Cassequers are a nomadic race, and never sleep two nights in the same encampment. They are the only people in Africa who do not cook their food in pots. The wander about, in groups of from four to six families, over all the territory between the Cuchi and Cubango. It would seem that from a crossing of the Cassequers with the negroes of other races sprang those mulattoes of the South whom the English often call bushmen. The latter, are, however, better off than the Cassequers, and use pots in cooking their food, which their positions are good, though quite opposed to civilization.

"I found it necessary during the course of my expedition to throw a bridge across the river, on account of the numerous crocodiles that abounded in the stream. My negroes and myself constructed the bridge and crossed in three days. All that territory is deserted. Tombs are everywhere to be met with. I recognized one as being that of a Portuguese trader, named Luiz Albino, a native of Lisbon. At this point the expedition touched no food for the space of 163 hours. We afterwards contrived to obtain some alpista (canary seed,) but even so had intervals of fasting which lasted from 36 to 48 hours. In other marshy spots it is possible to meet with turtles which the natives call 'calumbeu,' but in the zone that the Ungo-e-Ungo crosses it was impossible to trust to turtles for supplying us with food. Finding myself and my companions reduced to the extreme of misery, and possessing but a very small quantity of goods, I sent to the chief, who, I was informed, was not far off, begging him to supply us with some provisions. The chief's reply was a decided refusal. I was then obliged to have recourse to an expedient which I cannot defend on the score of morality—I actually purloined some of the chief's sweet potatoes which were very acceptable in our desperate situation. We were in these critical circumstances when we succeeded in reaching 'Lui.'

"Dr. Livingstone has related in his travels the history of the invasion of that country. People came from the South, conquered the lands and founded the great nation of the 'Macolols,' now extinct. The last member of the race, an intimate friend of one of my black companions here present, was assassinated a short time ago near Cuando. All South African chiefs are assassinated sooner or later. I here met with a powerful chief, a youth of 16, with whom I at once formed the most friendly relations, and who make me a present of 30 oxen. I now discovered that a great part of my people wished to return to Benguela. I called them and said: 'You may go; you are free. I have nothing to give you. Go. I do not wish you to sumbit to my fate, which I myself cannot foresee.' The blacks of Benguela departed, but those of the race of travelers, the Bihenas, remained with me. There were, no doubt, important discoveries to be made to the Northeast.

"There lies the country of the 'Chocolumbe,' extending from the Liambi to the Machila and Loengue. They are barbarians, and bad ones, and will not permit within their territories people who are clad or shod. From a map drawn by a negro of Bihe I obtained the knowledge of some very curious facts which the savages and want of resources did not permit me to see. I saw by this map that the most southern source of the 'Lualaba' lies between those of the 'Liambai' or 'Zambesi,' and 'Luengue,' and in 12 degrees latitude, like those of the other rivers of Africa. The 'Luengue or Cafuque,' which flows on that side to the Zambesi, not having a single cataract, is perfectly navigable, and may become the best channel for penetrating to the center of Africa. This is the river which Livingstone fixed on its entrance into the Zambesi, and which he called 'Cafue.' Stanley warned me not to go to Chocolumbe. The negros of Bihe are the only ones that can obtain admittance there. Zanzibar Arabs, or Europeans cannot venture there with impunity. I am, however, of opinion that the exploration of the Luengue is at the present time the most important problem that has to be solved. The river that connects Lakes Bangweolo and Moero is not the Lualaba; the river which joins the two lakes in question is the 'Luapula,' as the 'Pombeiros' of Silva Porto, who passed there, well knew. Lualaba is the name of the east arm, which extends as far as 13 degrees latitude, and where I discovered it by the map of the Bihean. The Lualaba must, therefore, be regarded

AS THE SOURCE OF THE CONGO

and not the Chambeze, which prolongs Lake Bangaweolo to the west. At the period when these important discoveries were made my discouragement was very great. The tribe that surrounded me and the chief that governed entertained the greatest rancor toward me. We had to live at a distance from them, but even hen were not in safety. As there wa no game, I made use of a net that was given me by my father. With that net I caught some very bad fish. Even if it were good, what I can assure you is that when people have nothing but fish to eat they die of hunger. I was at this time very unwell. My blacks were robbed and beaten every time they attempted to leave the encampment. We were at last able to depart and discover a country where game was to be had.

"On the night of the 6th of August, 1878, I was sitting in my encampment admiring the spendor of the moonlight scene, and preparing to take the moon's altitude. I had observed, but it caused me no anxiety, that many luminous points moved rapidly amid the trees. The encampment was still very extensive, because it still contained the tents of many of the blacks who had retraced their steps to Benguella. On a sudden I heard the cry of 'Fire! Fire,' and

THE HUTS BEGAN TO BURN.

The confusion that ensued during the first moments of alarm was great, but still Catrasio did not forget to bring the instruments immediately. Marians, a girl who died soon afterward, brought my papers; while the other blacks secured the greater part of the more important objects. Around these objects and in the center of the camp with arms in their hands, they defended themselves against a most violent attack. Many perished there. On the following night one of the blocks on entering my tent, exclaimed, "We are alone! They have fled! Treachery!" I went out of my hut in a hurry and looked around. It was true—I was abandoned by all but the few blacks you now see with me on this platform. The others, frightened by the attack made on the eve, had fled to the mountains. I afterwards found that not one of the fugitives returned to Benguella; they all died on the way. In this condition of affairs it was quite impossible for me to proceed to Chocolumbe. I therefore resolved on pitching the camp in a spot where game was to be found. We strengthened our camp by cutting down trees, and by this violent and rapid labor my hands were left in a wretched condition. We thus lived for some time, shooting ducks and deer. I at last resolved on requesting the nearest chief to supply me with the means of leaving that region. A grand meeting was held, which I enjoyed the pleasure of contemplating; many projects were presented and discussed, but no conclusion was come to. I at last spoke so resolutely to the chief, and assumed such an attitude, that he supplied me with boats to enable me to descend the Zambesi Laimbat. The banks of the river were well wooded, and game was to be found in abundance; but we soon began to sight basalt, and then cataracts and rapids in the bed of the river. My companions and myself were exposed to the greatest peril as we descended the 37 cataracts of the Zambesi. I saw 30 cataracts in the space of an hour and a half that have never been mentioned by any one. In fact, I may say that at this period I was very near perishing of hunger and the cataracts. Fear near left me for an instant. During the intervals of delirium I did my best to land and make a map of the cataracts and the banks of the river. The whole of the country that I traversed is well peopled, with the exception of the region of the cataracts. To the southeast live the terrible 'Macalacas,' a fighting race, but which, when vanquished, supplies slaves to all the other people of Africa. Exhausted, without resources, I looked forward with hope to reach the junction of the Cuando with the Zambesi, for I expected to find an English mission there of which I had heard speak.

"Unfortunately, I discovered that

THE MISSIONARIES HAD PERISHED ON THE WAY,

and, instead of Christians, I found a chief who wished to flay me alive. It was at this spot that I met with an English naturalist named Dr. Bradshaw, who was reduced to the greatest misery. He had for covering nothing but a tattered shirt and a pair of trousers in a most ruinous condition. He walked barefoot, though he always carried in one of his hands a pair of shoes of which he was very saving, though I never succeeded in comprehending the motive of such economy. Dr. Bradshaw, who had come from the Cape of Good Hope to that distant region, was engaged in shooting birds, and in collecting animals for the English museums. Being informed that there was a French missionary a few miles off, I resolved to set out at once to visit him; but on the way a violent fever seized me, and I entirely lost consciousness. When I regained my senses 12 days afterward, I found two ladies at my bedside, one aged 40, the other 18, who spoke to me in French. They were the wife and niece of a clergyman named Caillard. I owe my life to the kindness and attention of those ladies. No sooner had I recovered than the idea of my discoveries became more intense than ever. I was anxious to trace the course of the Cubango. But how was this to be done? With the exception of the husks of a few elephants that I had killed, I was possessed of nothing in this world. The Caillard family offered all they possessed and resolved to accompany me, I in vain pointed out to the ladies that they would be obliged to follow the fatal road where Elmohr perished with all his family. We departed together and entered Kalahari. Kalahari is styled a desert, but, nevertheless, trees, animals and people are to be found in it. Water, however, is not abundant, and in many parts is only to be met with during a certain part of the year, and, on that account, the natives wander about in a nomadic state, and come and disappear with the waters. At the extremity of the Kalahari Desert we met with the great 'Macaricari.' The great Macaricari is the most extraordinary thing that exists in Africa. At times it is a lake full of water. At other times it is dry, being covered with a layer of salt. Why the lake at times contains water and at other times does not, cannot be accounted for, as the rainy seasons do not satisfactorily explain the two facts. The great Macaricari communicates with Lake Ngami by means of the river Matobele, which Baines says flows to the east, and Livingstone represents as flowing to

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1879.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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Harper's Weekly	4 00	5 00
New York Ledger	3 00	4 10
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Rural New Yorker	2 50	3 75
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Sunday Afternoon	3 00	4 00

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSION on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

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THIS is Col. ROBERT INGERSOLL'S luminous exposition of the currency question:

We are told, however, that the Government can create money. This I deny. The Government produces nothing; it raises no wheat, no corn; it digs no gold, no silver. It is not a producer, it is a consumer. The Government is a perpetual pauper that has to be supported by the people. It is constantly passing the contribution-plate. The man who passes it, I admit, has a musket with him, but at the same time the Government is supported by these contributions. You cannot live upon the promise of your own Government any more than you could live upon the notes of your hired man—any more than you could live upon a bond issued by occupants of the County Poor-house. You cannot live upon that which you have to support."

THE Internal Revenue Bureau has the happiness of announcing that, for the first time in its history, every dollar of the assessments and collections is satisfactorily accounted for. This is a wonderful showing for any department, and especially for one having such immense collections to account for as this one. It must be remembered, also, that our internal revenue system has had to be created—built from the ground up, in a new country, full of continually changing conditions, which present obstacles not found in older countries where business matters have settled down into a permanent shape. No party, except the Republican, could ever have made such a showing for the honesty and capacity of its officials.

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GEN. EWING AS A COMMUNIST.

There is no wonder, when one comes to read Gen. EWING'S Cleveland speech, as it was actually delivered, that he desired to furnish a different one to the newspapers for publication. Heretofore he has been classed as a Fiatist, but in that speech he threw discretion to the winds, and arraigned himself with the most ultra of Commuoists. Here is what he said:

I see the people here in Cleveland, like others here and elsewhere, are banding together and exhorting the people to stand for honest money. What is honest money? (A voice—"Greenbacks.") Yes, that is honest money. Yes, sir, the debts of this country, were made, as a rule, the old debts, and taxes were established under laws *when the greenback was the only money known to the people. I say that honest money is the money of the contract. Is the money as valuable, and no more valuable, when the debtor comes to pay it than it was when he got it? And any money after the debtor has made his debt, which by the act of the Government is increased in value one-half or one-third, is this honest money?*

And any money, which is decreased in value after the creditor has loaned his money, or has sold his wares, is that honest money? The Fiatists propose a thing which is simply impossible, and which, in the light of the history of the world, is idiotic; and that is, the issuing of unlimited number of bills of credit which are to be maintained at par with coin by faith in the ability of the general government to pay them. What Gen. EWING proposes, is, the repudiation of all debts, public and private, to the extent of the greatest depreciation of the greenback, during its existence. This is robbery, pure and simple, and a system of robbery that goes beyond the wildest dreams of the craziest communist.

The larger portion of the debt of the Government was incurred when gold was worth from 220 to 285 cents in greenbacks, and this was a time "when the greenback was the only money known to the people." The Government has no right to force a money on public creditors which it cannot compel private creditors to take likewise. Gen. EWING says that the public creditor should be paid in money that was worth 43 cents on the dollar at the time the debt was contracted, and that this money shall be made a legal tender for all debts, private as well as public. Had he proposed this plan at the time when greenbacks were only worth that amount, he would have been regarded as a lunatic; but now, when they have appreciated to par to with coin, how else can he be regarded than as a knave? There is no escape from the logical consequences of this position. Gen. EWING demands that the creditors of the Government who loaned it money when its paper issues, which were then a legal tender for all debts excepts duties on imports, &c., were depreciated nearly two-thirds of their face value, shall be paid in money of that same value, and that this money shall be made a legal tender for all debts whatsoever. In other words, he demands that the dollar of the people shall be decreased in value to 43 cents; that all debts that have been contracted since the war, and are yet unpaid, shall be paid in this money; that the dollar with which the laborer is paid shall be worth but 43 cents; that the dollar which the farmer receives for his wheat, and his corn, and his pork, shall be worth but 43 cents; that every man who owes a debt shall be immediately excused by the Government from paying but one-third of it. He has cast aside all disguises, and now appears in his true light, as the champion repudiator of them all. He no longer claims that an unlimited issue of greenbacks can be maintained at par with coin; he scouts that idea, and virtually declares it impossible. That is not his purpose, nor is it a thing which he in any way desires. If he thought that such an issue could be maintained at par with coin, he would oppose it. That would not be a *cheap* money; he wants a currency without price—cheap—of the less value the better.

This is Gen. EWING'S new way of paying old debts. If it is good in this instance, of course, it will become the policy of the Government. Whenever we get in debt in the future, and if this new currency should depreciate below 43 cents on the dollar, as it surely would, then, instead of taxing the people to pay the debt, we should decrease the value of the dollar; and it will not be long ere, by these successive decimations, the dollar becomes as cheap as dirt.

It is on this sort of a platform that Gen. EWING has placed the Democratic party of Ohio. Will they remain there, or will they repudiate it and him? We think that every honest Democrat will repudiate this repudiator, when he goes to the polls on election day.

WHEAT FOR THE WORLD.

From present indications there would seem small necessity for any one to starve in this country the coming year. The great wheat fields have produced the largest crop ever known in this country—a crop that will probably reach 375,000,000 bushels. Much of this will be exported, more than usual because of the failure from various causes of the yield in other countries. Russia, like the United States, has produced far more than she can use, while most of the other States of Europe will fall below the average. These must be supplied with the staff of life and while Russia and Roumania may do much, they cannot make up the deficit, even if American wheat had not already the precedence in many of their markets.

It would take a comparatively small increase of the production in this country to enable it to supply the whole world. This increase will doubtless be made within the next few years, for the tide of emigration never set more strongly to the westward than now. While the newly discovered mines are attracting crowds of people thrilled with the hope of obtaining sudden wealth, great numbers of farmers are entering upon the public prairies and turning them into fields of waving gold. The Northwest is developing agricultural treasures as rapidly as the more Central and Southern portions their metals, and it seems to be a certainty that the time is not far distant when the wheat granary of the world will be found in the American Republic. Few even among our own people are aware of the extent of the farms in Northern Minnesota and Dakota. Their discovery by those who go thither is a revelation of the resources of the United States hitherto undreamed of.

JOSH BILLINGS has dropped another aphorism that glitters like a diamond in a heap of wordy chaff. It is: "It ain't so mutch what a man kan lift as what he kan hang onto, that shows his aktual strength." Josh must have had both THURMAN and TILDEN in his eye when he wrote this.

THE SPRAGUE-CONKLING AFFAIR.

The difficulty between Sen. CONKLING and ex-Sen. SPRAGUE, which has been told in various ways by the special and regular telegrams, will, unless managed with more than usual skill, develop into the proportions of a mammoth scandal. No one is deceived by the attempt to make the trouble appear the outgrowth of an assault by Mr. SPRAGUE upon a German music teacher. To accept such a story is to confess oneself ignorant of the most sensational bit of gossip that the Washingtonians have feasted upon for years.

The infatuation for each other of the lordly Senator from New York and the queenly daughter of the late Chief Justice CHASE has long been the common talk of the country. They have taken little pains to conceal it, but rather at times seemed to actually glory in the display of mutual affection, and to meet the rising clamor of scandal by a still greater ostentation of preference for each other's society. They were constantly seen together at the gatherings and ceremonials which fill the time in Washington. Mrs. SPRAGUE'S constant attendance at the Senate Chamber, her unwearying sitting out of the tiresome all-night sessions, the interchange of notes and signals between her and Sen. CONKLING on the floor of the Senate have been the common theme of remark.

The two have much in common in character and intellectual attributes. Both are born leaders, imperious, domineering, high-spirited people, who rule others by force of abilities and willpower, and who delight in the excitement of the struggle by which victory is wrung out of the grasp of stern resistance. CONKLING'S leadership of the great State of New York, against the strenuous opposition of many able men, is unquestionable. Miss KATE CHASE'S great genius for politics was displayed in scarcely less striking manner during her father's lifetime. At that time she was doubtless a more important factor in politics than Mr. CONKLING, who was then only a Representative from New York. She expected to expand her career greatly by marrying Sen. SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, who was then one of the wealthiest men in the country, and thought to be one of the most promising young men in the Nation. But he withdrew from politics, immersed himself in his business, and, if reports are true, became fearfully dissipated. The failure of the great firm of which he was a member was one of the early incidents of the panic. He is now said to be a worn out debauchee, and the farthest possible remove from being a congenial companion to such a woman as his wife. The report is that the two have lived in more or less hostility for many years. Mrs. SPRAGUE is probably some years past 40.

Sen. CONKLING, who is now in his 50th year, was married, a quarter of a century ago, to a sister of Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, of Utica. They have one daughter—BESSIE—whose marriage—which her father refused to attend—occurred a few weeks ago. Mrs. CONKLING is an amiable lady, of very quiet domestic tastes, and few inclinations beyond her home circle. She has not lived in Washington for several years, her health being the pretext for an absence which the [illegible] said was dictated by other reasons.

The marvelous part of the whole affair is that two persons of such mature ages, and whose whole lives have been passed in such study of the conventialities as has been necessary to fit them for their respective *roles*, should at this late day deliberately set public opinion at defiance by giving bent to inclinations that long education should have enabled them to control.

BOARD OF HEALTH FAILURE.

The National Board of Health does not seem to be winning golden opinions for itself. A good deal of criticism has been expended upon its course, the general feeling seeming to be that it is entailing a large expense upon the country, and accomplishing little or nothing. There is room for a great deal to be done, and the power has been placed in the hands of this body. "'Tis pity," if both time and money are wasted in an effort at something, the result of which is a matter of vital interest to the whole country.

If the National Board of Health is not doing what was expected of it, it is some consolation to know that great strides forward in the matter of sanitary arrangements have been made in many of the large Cities North within the last few years. While there is room for more to be done, yet it is true that it would be almost impossible for the yellow fever to gain a foothold in New York, the most exposed, in every point of view, of any of the great centers of population, where in the past it has committed its ravages. So efficient and thorough are the precautions against its spread when sometimes imported, that one or two cases terminates its power. It is absolutely stamped out, as, doubtless, it could be in most places where it appears.

Facts have pretty well determined that epidemics are not visitations of Providence any further than the results of the violation of natural law can be so considered. Whenever any disease finds a great number of victims in a village, town or city, the local authorities, aided by the citizens generally need to set at once at work to discover what defect exists in their sanitary arrangements. If pestilence is brought to them, unremitting vigilance which is the price of safety, joined to the health conditions which care has given, will soon check its advance. There is absolutely no necessity for any such visitation in this country as that of last Summer and the present one. This is why a failure upon the part of the National Board of Health to do the duties which are required of them is so greatly to be deplored. One of the elements of prosperity in every place is its reputation for good health. What is true of a single locality, is true of a country. As yet our broad acres are not so thickly populated as to cause much difficulty upon that score except in cities, but what it might be is seen from the experience of the South last year, when the fever depopulated the smallest country villages.

If national action in these matters is not efficient, each city has the control of its own sanitary arrangements and can render them thorough and effective. New York has set a good example this Summer in her action in regard to tenement houses. It would be well if other cities would examine into their necessities and act accordingly. Toledo has a chance to do something. While it is now one of the healthiest places along the chain of great lakes, there is a chance for improvement.

A REVEREND COMET.

The Reverend THEOPHILUS VAN DE MOORTEL has managed to create considerable excitement, not only in Chicago, the City of sensations, but all over the country. From being simply a priest of good standing, somewhat brilliant intellect and a rather more than respectable thinker, but yet one unknown beyond his immediate circle, he suddenly becomes a star of the first magnitude, shooting into public view with a wonderful lustre, and lately astonishing lookers on with his singular movements. The Rev. THEOPHILUS is a comet with a most eccentric orbit.

The various phases of his appearance and disappearance are by this time familiar to lookers-on, both near and remote. He left the Catholic Church and entered the Episcopal fold, convinced, as he claimed, after long years of earnest study, of the errors and dangers of the doctrines which he had finally determined to reject. He did not believe in papal infallibility, and thought that the practices and management of his own order radically wrong. In short his conscience would not allow him to remain longer in the bosom of a Church whose teachings he felt to be anything but what tends to broaden man's nature and put the world in the path of progress and improvement.

Of course he was received as a brand plucked from the burning by those among whom he desired to enrol himself. Coming into the Episcopal Church, into whose communion he at once entered, without persuasion but simply from the strength of his own convictions—being a man, moreover, with a clear head and fine reasoning powers—his change of base was regarded as an evidence that the world moves. True, it was asserted by members of his Order in St. Louis that the holy father had allowed his heart to be appropriated by a fascinating woman, and this step was simply one to enable him to marry and enjoy the domestic felicity which was denied to him by the laws of the Catholic Church. This assertion was regarded by outsiders as simply one to defame the character of a man who had left them, and to throw the credit of his defection upon a strong personal motive rather than upon a conviction arrived at by a course of logical argument. The more scandalous story that the leaving of the church and intended marriage was from necessity rather than choice, was supposed to proceed from the same desire to give the matter any coloring other than dissatisfaction with Roman Catholic doctrines.

Whatever may have been the moving power of the conversion, the Reverend THEOPHILUS remained firm in his attachment to his new faith, for several days, and took up his abode with Canon KNOWLES, of the Episcopal Cathedral. Now comes in the strangest part of the whole affair. Last Saturday he started out for a walk, to all outward appearances a confirmed Episcopalian. In a brief half hour he was back again in the bosom of his Mother Church, convinced of the error of his ways. In the house of an old parishoner he professed his restored faith in Catholic dogmas, restored, it seems, as by a lightning flash, a miracle equal to those of Bible days.

From the time of his disappearance from Canon KNOWLES' house to his discovery as a repentant priest, the excitement in Chicago was intense. Jesuitical interference was charged—spiriting away in accord with old time practices, but calmly and coolly the Rev. THEOPHILUS makes his [illegible] known, and as calmly and coolly affirms the renewal of his belief in the doctrines of his Mother Church.

The whole affair is a mystery. Not yet is it solved and probably it never may be. Either the man is a lunatic, or some influence of a strength and power which he could not resist was brought to bear upon him. It was sufficient to make him place himself in a most ridiculous attitude before the world, that of a man who is like a reed shaken in the wind. It is impossible to conceive that a person of his alleged intellect and logical mind would reach a decision after years of thought and study, make it known to the public, and then have the whole thing upset in a brief 30 minutes. That passes belief. Nor does it appear probable that a step of such importance, taken for the love of a woman, would be so quickly retraced. A passion powerful enough to make him seek notoriety would not be likely to so soon lose its force over so strong a man. Either supposition is improbable, while the story of a change from necessity, with all the machinery of the Church at his command to cover up a scandal, is simply absurd. The matter is beyond present explanation, but serves to keep the public upon the *qui vive* awaiting further developments which will probably never come.

IT is not improbable that the ICE case, of which we gave an account the other day, will bring the whole question of States Rights to the surface. It will be remembered that ELI ICE, a National soldier, killed a Rebel prisoner who was trying to escape. A court martial investigated the matter, and found that ICE'S action was entirely justifiable. After the war ICE returned to West Virginia, was arrested near the scene of the shooting, tried in a Criminal Court and sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. He has been confined ever since—some 14 years. The matter was recently brought before the notice of the Grand Army of the Republic, which took steps to investigate it. The Attorney General has requested the authorities of West Virginia to furnish him with a statement of the facts connected with ICE'S trial and sentence. The Democrats claim that there is no way that he can remedy the matter, as the Government has no power to interfere with the action of the State Courts. It will certainly be very strange if it is found that the United States has no power to prevent a State from punishing soldiers for doing their duty.

THE GREELEY estate has produced another surprise. Years ago Horace bought some wild lands in Virginia upon speculation, much to the disgust of his friends, who, in fancy, saw the total loss of the $15,000 or thereabouts which he paid for them. Lately, however, the GREELEY sisters have been offered $40,000 for the property, with the prospect of much more if they keep it a little longer in their possession. It would be possible to endure several such surprises as that, and we hope our "wild lands" will turn us wild in the same delightful manner.

THE MEMPHIS NEGROS.

An Appeal to the Charity of the Nation.

To the Citizens of the United States of America:

We, the colored citizens of Memphis, are driven from actual necessity to make this appeal to your charity, and set forth to the world a statement of facts respecting our situation. During the epidemics of 1873-78, and the impending one of 1879, at the first outcry of yellow fever, the wealthy and influential men, with their families, left for a more congenial locality. We, the blacks, are always left behind, and many in charge of their residences, and often without a dollar. Last year many of the servants who had charge of the houses of our most wealthy citizens were fed out of the commissary established for the poor. As a race we are not susceptible to yellow fever, and former epidemics have demonstrated this fact. Our heavy death rate last year was brought about by our people nursing the whites, and then repairing to our Churches, on the Sabbath, thus giving wings to the pestilence among us.

Now a gloom hangs over us more terrible to contemplate than yellow fever. It is death from starvation. Our merchants have gone, business suspended, and there is nothing for us to do. Now in this condition we are told to leave town, go into the camps they have provided, or else starve to death. We do not believe that the people of this County will allow us to starve.

They, the City authorities say that they will give us nothing unless we accede to their wishes.

Now we object to camp life for the following reasons:

First—Because the fever has been here three weeks, and many have the germs already in their system. Some have left here and died in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, and other places in proof of this objection.

Second—All who are in any way acquainted with this disease knows that it requires comfortable quarters and the most careful nursing, which is not attainable in camp.

Third—Because camp life will only serve in this damp Mississippi valley, to fill us with the seeds of pulmonary complaints, to linger with us all Winter and die in the Spring.

We are not afraid of yellow fever, but death by starvation is now staring us in the face, and unless we go to camp we must starve. Such is the recompense of reward we meet for our constant fidelity. Military are guarding the town, cannon are placed in front of the Police Headquarters, for what purpose we cannot tell unless it is to intimidate a race of people who have more than once shown a magnanimous spirit.

We have organized Relief associations among ourselves, and are doing all we can; we are all poor, no money nor no work, and now in God's name, we ask all to help us to save us from this horrible death by starvation. We applied to our City papers to publish our objections and grievances, but they blandly refused to do so.

The railroads have suspended all trains. Express offices are closed, hence nothing can reach us but money by draft or P. O. order which sent to any of the following committee will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged:

Rev. Dr. J. P. JAY, Dr. T. R. MORGAN,
Rev. R. N. COMTEE, Dr. A. BURRELL,
D. J. HODGES, A. STEVENSON,
A. FROMAN, Y. HOLLAND,
Rev. JAS. LOTT, Chairman.

A. WATSON, Secretary, 169 Beal street,
Colored Citizens Relief Association.
Memphis, July 30, 1879.
All papers please copy.

A POSTSCRIPT.

MEMPHIS, July 20, 1879.

Since penning the above, another effort has been made to brand the colored man. Think of it! 100 minute men have been organized, the gun shops have been stripped, and all been carried to Police Headquarters. Why not this movement in 1878, when people were dying by the hundred? This whole City was patrolled day and night by colored police; only three white faces were on the entire force, when thought of minute men was then indulged in, no cannon was placed on our streets. Why this action now! We are awake and can tell you why. It is to array public opinion against us; it is to brand us in the sight of the world as thieves, robbers and midnight assassins. Would to God we could post this on every street corner of the great cities of the North. A few months ago, when some of our people desired to leave this fever-cursed locality for Kansas, they were up in arms and hired boats to refuse us passage. And now, because they can not drive us to camps, we must starve. God help us and save us from the horrors of such a death, and save us from a people who recompense us for former kindness by the most cruel calumny.

Yours,
COLORED RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
169 Beal street, Memphis, Tenn.

A GALLANT ARTILLERYMAN.

Confederate Testimony to the Courage of an Ohio Boy at Iuka.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Knowing you to be a friend of the soldier, and especially of your own State, and like ourselves, wishing to see bravery rewarded, (even though it be an enemy,) we would like to make a short statement, through your columns, of a little incident that came under our own observation, at the hard and desperately fought little battle of Iuka, Miss., in the evening of the 19th of September, 1862.

I belonged then to one of Gen. Price's brigades, commanded by Gen. Herbert, of Louisiana. We were ordered out southwest of Iuka on said evening, about 4 o'clock, to check the advance of Gen. Rosecranz, from that direction. We met the advancing division 1½ miles from the Town, and engaged them immediately in the hottest little fight I was ever in, lasting nearly two hours. The Federals were formed in an old road that ran along the top of a ridge. They had a battery of nine field pieces, at regular intervals, supported by infantry, I think from Illinois and Iowa. Just before dark we charged them with fixed bayonets; stopped within 20 yards and fired a few rounds, and moved on to them again, yelling like Indians. The horses of the battery were nearly all killed or crippled, and but few of the men were left to work the guns; the infantry broke in confusion and left the artillery and the men without support. We were at the very mouths of the guns when they yet belched forth their death-dealing missiles. My company came up to a nine or 12 pound gun that was loaded, and there was a tall, beardless boy standing at the breech, doing his best to fire it. He was entirely alone, except his dead and wounded comrades, who were strewn around. He saw there was nothing more that could be done. He leaned up against the gun and remarked to us, as we neared him:

"Oh, yes, by G—d; we're not all gone yet."

With a smile on his face and the blood running all over him from a scalp wound several inches long, that had been done by a ball. His hat was gone. His Lieutenant was sitting on the ground near him, with his ankle hurt by spraining some way. We asked the Lieutenant where his company were; he pointed along the line of guns, and said:

"THERE THEY LIE,"

with tears trickling down his cheeks. It was really enough to make the strongest-hearted heart melt. We moved the cannon back to the river, and the wounded Federals as well as our own, to the hospital in Town. Next morning Gen. Grant was flanking us, and we had to go out of that in a hurry, and left all our wounded as well as theirs in Iuka, where they were taken possession of in a few minutes by Rosy. On the march that day I chanced to pass the guard that had some prisoners, and recognized the boy with the dried blood on his face, also his limping Lieutenant. I told one of the officers of the guard to stop and let the boy wash his face at a trench, which he did, and I also discovered in the Lieutenant a "brother fellow craft," and got a horse from my regimental doctor for him to ride along with my Colonel, Griffith. The battery spoken of was the 22d Ohio, as well as I remember, and I think the Captain's name was Sands, or some such name. He made a report of the battle of Corinth a few days afterwards. (If the young man is alive that I speak of, he ought to have something done for him for his undaunted courage on that occasion. I have seen men act very cool and brave under trying circumstances, but his cool behavior in that case was ahead of anything I have ever witnessed. If he, or his Lieutenant, or Captain are living, I should like to communicate with them; there are about 10 of my company that are living and were witnesses to the scene. I have spoken of. That boy (if living) should have a medal; if dead, a monument. Pres. Hayes ought to do something for him, sure. I can give details more particular, with plenty of proof, if necessary. GEO. H. VANHOOSE,

Ex Capt. Co. D, 17th Arkansas Infantry,
Provisional Army, C. S. A.
Cross Roads P. O., Washington Co., August 7, 1879.

"CASH DR."—"CONTRA CR."

Items from George Washington's Private Ledger now in the Patent Office.

Correspondence St. Louis Republican.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—With the thermometer at 98 in the office of the Commissioner of Patents, I sat for three hours and a half in the middle of the day turning over the leaves of a large ledger which gives in the handwriting of the immortal George Washington all of his items of expense and income from 1772 to 1789 save for that period from the middle of 1775 to 1783 when he was too busily engaged at Valley Forge and other places where it would not have been convenient for him to have continued his bookkeeping. A more interesting three hours and a half could not have been secured under the most favorable auspices, for the book is in itself a marvel, and would be worth the reading if it had no historical association whatever. Don't understand, however, that I read the book. That occupation would require more weeks than I gave hours to it. It is a very big ledger for a big bank of today, and it is filled with wrightings and figures. Strongly put together of good material in the first place, it not only withstood the handling necessary to fill it with enteries which cover a period of 17 years, but is to-day, while over 100 years old, without a blemish, save where one of the clasps has worn away an inch or so of the leather binding.

A year ago, Dangerfield Lewis, of Clark County, Va., a direct descendant of the father of the country, sold to Congress a lot of Washington relics for $13,000. Among the documents, furniture, portraits, and the like, was this book. Now, the Secretary of State claims this book and all other documentary relics from his department, and they are to be removed to that building. I want to see the book many more times, however, and if I can do so before it gets into the custody of that awful department, all will be well. But I am determined to be snubbed, ignored, and made to feel my littleness by the great men there, before giving up the purpose altogether.

Such book-keeping, in the matter of handsome regularity, distinctness of the writing and general correctness, cannot be excelled. He had columns for the amounts in Virginia currency, and also a column for the amount in pounds sterling. Everything is recorded, from the purchase of a cucumber-slicer, to the £185 or $925 for three slaves. He omitted nothing, and kept all of his accounts in double-entry. For instance, on the pages were, in a bold, round hand, you read, "Cash Dr.," and on the opposite page, "Contra Cr.," on the debit side you find such entries as this: "To sale of fish, £21 6s 6d." And then on the other page cash is relieved of this charge in the entries of his expenditures. Here are a few; I wish I could get the space for pages of them, so that the reader might be interested and amused, as I was. But these are fair samples:

	£.	S.	D.
By play tickets for myself and others while in town	5	12	0
By servants as gratuity at different times	1	6	0
May 6, 1772—By Messrs. Robert Adams & Co., for negros, Athony, London and Strephon	185	0	0
July 6, 1772—By Leonard Whitney, taking up runaway negro	5	0	0
July 20, 1772—By cash paid my mother	10	0	0

Then the story of a trip about the country can be read from his expenses. In October of 1772-3-4, he went to the Annapolis races. I am afraid George used to go to the races much as men go now. But here is what his book tells for 1772. "Cash" is credited with the following outlays and is excused from the care of this amount of money as follows:

	£.	S.	D.
By expenses of a trip to and from the Annapolis races	4	6	1
By sundry ball tickets there	3	6	0
By sundry race tickets there	0	12	0
By cards and racing	3	16	0
By servants	1	15	0
By cash paid for Mr. Curtis's expenses there	3	0	0

Mr. Curtis is John Park Curtis, one of his step-children, whose name appears frequently in the book. On the same date he goes to Annapolis he collects £21 from Mr. Herbert for fishing privileges. The next year he fares better at the races, for he wins £17 and cash is charged with it on account of "cards and racing." When he was at Annapolis this time, he went to the play and the ball as usual. Among his expenditures there were also the following, which show he grew quite free with his money, having won so much: He bought two boxes of claret, 12 dozen, for £20; a horse for £40 ($200 for a horse at that time indicates that he must have purchased the one on which he bet) a hat for "Miss Custis," £1, and then charity, £2 3s. I am constrained to believe that he grew reckless and hilarious at the Annapolis races in 1772. All through the book you will find the charity, but never except in cases where the persyn is named, can you find so much as he gave at Annapolis.

Under the head of cash are entries where cash is charged with the recipts of money which Col. Washington held as executor, trustee, guardian, &c. He seems to have been the arbitrator and mutual friend for every one. Therefore this cash account will not show his income, but it will show the amount of money he handled every year. For 1772 his receipts were £3,584, and he paid out £3,159, which is between $15,000 and $20,000. The next year the figures were doubled. A very funny entry is made in book for 1773. The cash on hand falls short by £144. Instead of keeping a profit and loss account he says: "Either lost, stolen or neglected to be charged," and thus forces a balance.

He never made a visit unless you find an entry "By servants at Mr. So and So's house," showing that he always "tipped" them. The charity entry is equally as frequent. This is a common entry, "By charity to Capt. Posey," the sums varying from £4 to 12. It was a Posey, it will be remembered, who was sent out to be the first Territorial Governor of Indiana. What relation Capt. Posey was to Gov. Posey, I do not know. In Philadelphia, when President, there is an entry, "By charity—or rather to street beggars," as if he was doubtful whether giving to street beggars was charity. Whenever he loaned any money it appeared in his book.

The bills for the midwifery of a Mrs. Susanna Brown among his slaves are found in such entries as, "By Mrs. Susanna Brown for delivering Muddy Hole Kate, £1."

Probably the most interesting pages in the book are those indexed and headed, "Cards and other plays." From September, 1772, to June, 1774, when there is a balancing of the account, he lost £78 5s 9d and won £72 2s 3d, being loser of £6, or about $30, in the two years. His highest winning was the one at Annapolis, and the heaviest loss at Fredericksburgh of £6. He always lost at Fredericksburgh. He gambled mostly at home, although there are the regular October entries for Annapolis up till the beginning of the war. About once a week in the Summer months can be found this item: "My club at Mrs. Campbell's, £1." These entries do not appear under "Cards," but it is supposed the club was some sort of a gathering where whist was indulged in. There are no traces of gambling after he became General of the army and President.

On September 14, 1774, the first item makes its appearance intimating the coming of the Revolution. On that day there is the item: "By traveling expenses to the Congress (Continental Congress) at Philadelphia, £10, 11s. 3d." For the month he was there his expenses, much of it in purchase of articles for "Miss Custis," "Mrs. Washington," "For his nephews, Lawrence and George Washington," was in all £521.

Along in May, 1775, are amounts for equipping Virginia troops, paid out of his own funds. Then from January 1, 1776, to September 1, 1783, there is a skip. During those years of the war he keeps no cash account. Then in 1787 living at Philadelphia while President, he keeps the same minute account of his expenses, in the same splendid style of book-keeping. In fact it is hard to realize that the latter part of the book was written

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the character or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

MRS. W. H., Papillion, Neb.—The name you ask for is Mrs. S. D. Power.

J. C. S., Jefferson, Pa: We are sorry that we are not able to oblige you.

J. T., Worthington, Pa., asks: "Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?"

J. H. T., New Pittsburg, Kan.: It is not reliable as any institution of the same character.

C. C., Addison, Mich.—If you will address M. J. Cooney & Co., you can doubtless get what you want.

J. B. L., Long Prairie, Minn.—We have never seen the instrument, and are consequently unable to say.

J. W. K., White Post, Va.—We do not handle the books named. Write to Harper & Bros., New York.

MOSES, New Franklin, O.: The laws of this State impose no penalty for the purchase of lottery tickets.

C. S. L., Hamilton, Mont.—Address "American Bible Society, New York." The price will depend on the style.

MRS. CARRIE E. JOHNSON, Goshen, O., wishes to learn something of the whereabouts of William Falls, late of Vandalia, Ill.

W. W. F., Desmoines, Ia.: We should advise you to try the central southern part of the State, or toward the Indian Territory, for bee culture.

J. T. E., McConnelsville, O.—We do not know where you would find such a book. The nearest approach to it is the article entitled "Money," in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

SIRS POZZER, Halfway, Kans., asks: "Can any one tell me the whereabouts of Harrison Perry and F. D. Persons, formerly members of Co. G, 8th Regt. Vermont Vol. Inf.?"

J. S. G., Windsor, Mo.—Many thanks for your suggestions. It is very difficult to control the matter of which you speak, but we are equally interested in it with all our subscribers.

S. W. R., Latham, Ill., who recently made some inquiry through the BLADE for Edison's Phonograph, is requested to send his full address to R. H. Struthers, Massorville, Ill.

J. F. S., Neosho, Mo.—The premium list and accompanying complimentaries to the Fair of the Newton County Agricultural and Mechanical Society duly received. Many thanks.

J. C. R., Greenfield, Ia.: If we are not in error, Sam Cary advocated the immediate payment of bonds in greenbacks, a year ago. However, it is not a matter of paramount importance.

W. E. D., Northville, Mich., writes: "I would say, in answer to a recent correspondent, that the postoffice address of Read Jarvis, Hospital Steward 5th Olds Cavalry, is M. M. Jarvis, May, Tuscola Co., Mich."

A. J. S., Santa Anna, Cal.—We do not understand that government assayers will undertake assays for private individuals. If they do, they will certainly expect to be paid for it, very much as ordinary mortals.

J. B. HESS, Sheridan, Ills., desires the postoffice address of Francis C. Hageman and F. W. Watson, formerly of Marengo, Ills., and of William Badgely, formerly of Newark, Ills. All served in the 105th Ill. Vol. Inf.

ELIAS S. HADLEY, Judson, Kan., asks: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE give me any information as to the whereabouts of Drs. Todd, Ford Tolbert or Short, formerly Surgeons of the 20th Regiment Ind. Vol. Inf.?"

WILLIAM W. SINNE, Neosho, Mo., late of Co. K, 25th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, wishes the address of Dr. ——, Carr, Surgeon on detailed service to above Regiment during the march from Pine Hill to Atlanta, during the latter part of the year 1863.

S. C. RAGLON, Dawson's Mills, Neb., would like to know the whereabouts of Wm. A. Boardman. He is about 40 years old, is deformed in the legs, and by trade is a harnessmaker. About the close of the war he was at North Fork, Vermilion Co., Ill.

L. D. MORSEL, Mich., asks: "Do you think a lady, if competent, can procure an appointment as enumerator at the taking of the next census?"—It is possible. You might apply to the State Superintendent of your State. 2. We do not handle the book you name.

W. J. G., Rochester, Ind., writes: "If C. B. H. will saw four inches off of one end of his plank and then saw the strip, which will be 4x8, into three pieces, each 8x3 inches, and place them at one side of the larger piece, he will be able to fill a 12 inch square hole with it."

MRS. MARTHA WILLIAMS, Clintonville, Pa., wishes to learn the whereabouts of some of the officers or privates of Co. E, 188th Regt., Pennsylvania Volunteers. She desires to establish her claim to a pension, her son, John M. Williams, a member of the Company, having been her only support.

H. S. C., Maple Works, Wis., writes: "A pensioner dies previous to the passage of the arrears bill. If alive, he would be entitled to arrears. Now the question I want answered is, can said pensioner's heirs collect said arrears?"—If, as you say, the pensioner was entitled to arrears, then his heirs could collect them on proper showing.

J. K. HILL, Turbotville, Pa., asks: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE send me the address or give me any information of Wm. H. Hill? The last heard of him was just before the rebellion. He was then in Louisville, Ky. If living now he is 65 or 70 years of age. He followed the occupation of shoemaker, and worked in Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Wheeling, W. Va., and Louisville, Ky."

W. E. G., Pleasant Ridge, Ind.—We have not the slightest objection to answering questions through the BLADE for persons who are not subscribers. But where such persons ask us to answer their questions and send them a marked copy of the paper, we feel as though it was time to draw the line. Life is too short, an editor is too busy, and he has too much on his hands to allow of his burdening his mind with details of this character. We think any one by a moment's thought can see the reasonableness of this position.

I. D. E., Marion, Ind., asks: "On what date were the Union soldiers liberated from Andersonville Prison, near the close of the war, and when did the same cease to be a prison?"—The Union soldiers were liberated in the latter part of April, 1865, almost immediately after the surrender of Johnson. The prisoners were sent away by installments, and no one date can be given as the day of their liberation. Wirz was arrested on the 7th of May, and at that time there were still several hundred sick remaining at Andersonville.

M. J. T., Luverne, Ion.—This kind of a charge is too silly to admit of serious argument. It would be utterly impossible for John Sherman (or any man having the enormous and arbitrary powers which the Greenbackers attribute to the Secretary of the Treasury,) to remove even a hundred dollars from the Treasury or appropriate it to any use, unless the object to which the money was appropriated was clearly shown on the books. The entire Treasury Department contains a wide and complicated system of checks and balances, which would at once show any tampering with the public funds.

H. C. C., Shelbyville, Mo., writes: "A soldier is originally pensioned from date of discharge, for gun-shot wound through the abdomen, at the rate of $8 per month; five years later he makes application for increase on account of another disability, viz: gun-shot wound of right leg, which was allowed, and his pension made $14 per month from the 27th of December, 1867. Is said soldier entitled to any arrears under the arrears of pension bill?"—Possibly he might draw arrears from date of his discharge on account of the gun-shot wound in the leg. But this would depend on the time when the disability began to be manifested.

E. H. A., Westfield, Ind., asks: "1. Where is the Land Office in which to enter United States land in the State of Texas? 2. Did Congress repeal the law allowing attorney fees for obtaining original pensions, and has Congress limited the time for applying for pensions?"—1. There is no United States land to be had in the State of Texas. The public lands in Texas all belong to the State. 2. Attorneys are still allowed a stated fee for obtaining pensions, but they are not allowed to collect fees for arrears of pensions. Applications under the arrears of pension laws are to be made prior to 1880, in order to have the arrears paid from date of discharge.

C. H. VAN S., Altavista, Mo., asks: "1. Who was Bacchus, and what qualities were attributed to him?"—Bacchus, called also by the Greeks, Dyonisius, is said to have been the son of Jupiter and Semele. He taught men the culture of the vine and the mode of extracting the juice of the grape. According to one account, Bacchus was said to be the son of Ammon, King of Sythae, and a beautiful woman named Amalthea. Ammon, fearing the jealousy of his wife, Rhea, had the young Bacchus and his mother conveyed to a town called Nysa, on a delicious island formed by the river Triton. He became, according to this legend, a mighty conqueror and a benefactor of mankind, by whom he was at last deified. Among the most important events of his history is his expedition to India. From this and other circumstances, many writers suppose the worship of Bacchus was derived from India. His chariot, drawn by panthers or tigers, and the Indian origin of the vine are cited as evidence in support of this theory. Bacchus is usually represented as an effeminate young man, crowned with vine and ivy leaves.

P. M., Isabel, Or., asks: "Can a man take a soldier's claim after he has taken a homestead? 2. How long can a man live on a homestead before he is obliged to pay the fee which is required by law? 3. Can a man pre-empt after he has been pre-empted?"—1. Your question assumes that the homestead and soldiers claims are two distinct methods of acquiring title to public lands. The facts are that the soldier's claim is only the method authorized by a modification of the homestead law, so as to extend certain privileges to soldiers. No one can avail himself of the homestead privilege for more than 160 acres of land, and consequently, if he has taken a homestead as a citizen, he cannot take another as an ex-soldier. But he can take a homestead, and deduct from the five years which he is required to live on it and perfect his title, and deduct that period the term of his service in the war of the rebellion. 2. The entry fee and half the commission is made payable by law, when the entry is made. The amount thus required in advance for 160 acres of land at $1.25 per acre, or $2 acres at $2.50 per acre, would be $14, except on the Pacific, where they would be $18. Yes; any man may pre-empt land, provided he is not the owner of 320 acres of land, or has not once exercised the right of pre-emption.

S. B. H., Three Rivers, Mass., asks: "Will you please explain why it is that the silver dollar is spoken of as worth only 85 or 87 cents, when it passes every day for a dollar? I cannot understand why it is that if a silver dollar is exchangeable for a greenback dollar, and the latter can be exchanged for a gold dollar, that the silver dollar is not just as good as the gold one."—There are two values to the standard silver dollar, the legal tender value and the bullion value. The law fixes the legal tender value at 100 cents; the value as bullion of the silver contained in the dollar is now about 87 cents. While there are comparatively so few of the standard silver dollars in circulation, they pass at their legal tender value, that is to say 100 cents. But if in any way the large amount of silver dollars which the Government has already coined and is still coining were forced upon the market, the result would be either to make a premium on gold, as during the war, or a discount on silver. Owing to the present value and influence of the greenback dollar, the result would undoubtedly take the form of a discount on silver. But on the other hand, since the legal tender notes are promises to pay coin dollars, the holder will naturally seek to discharge his obligation in the cheapest coin, and should he tender the silver dollar the result would be to bring the paper dollar down to the value of the silver dollar, because silver dollars could not be held redeemable with gold dollars, even for a single day. There is no doubt (as demonstrated by actual experience) that a limited quantity of the silver dollar can circulate at par with gold and legal tender paper at par. But of the amount of the present standard silver dollar be greatly increased as it will be increased under the present law, the silver dollar in no very long time runs and fails to its bullion value. This, it need not be added, will depreciate the currency as effectually, if not as rapidly as the issue of another issue of irredeemable paper money.

D. F. A. W., Lottsville, Pa., asks: "Will you please give in your answers to correspondents the date of birth and date of death of the poet William Cullen Bryant; also a short biography of his life?"—William Cullen Bryant was born at Cumnington, Mass., November 3, 1794. His father, Peter Bryant, was a physician, and himself superintended the education of his children. Young Bryant sent verses to the County *Gazette* before he was 10 years old, and his "Embargo," a political satire, and the "Spanish Revolution," were published in his 14th year, and again in 1809. At 19 years of age he wrote "Thanatopsis," first published in the *North American Review* in 1817. After two years' study at Williams College, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1815. He began practice at Plainfield, and afterwards removed to Great Barrington, but though he rose to distinction in the Courts, his tastes inclined him to literature. He wrote several prose articles for the *North American Review*, and soon began to be recognized in literature. He removed to New York in 1825, where he edited the *New York Review*, soon afterwards merged into the *United States Review*, and in 1826 connected himself with the *Evening Post*. Subsequently he obtained exclusive control of this paper, and changed it from a Federal to a Democratic print, favoring free trade. From 1827 to 1830, with Messrs Landis and Verplanck, he edited "The Talisman," a holiday annual, which was very popular. In 1832 a complete edition of his poems written up to date appeared in New York, and Irving, then in England, caused it to be reprinted there, with a laudatory preface, which secured for Bryant a European reputation. Having associated William Leggett with him in the management of the *Post*, he visited Europe in 1834, and traveled there extensively. He went again in 1845, and in a third visit in 1849, extended his journey to Egypt and Syria. About 1856 he purchased an ancient mansion near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island, and resided there up to the time of his death. Later volumes containing the poems of his maturer years, as well as his various addresses, orations, etc., are familiar to all the reading public. He died in June, 1878.

F. H. S., Milwood, Pa., asks: "Will you please give a sketch of the present form of the Spanish government?"—The reigning sovereign of Spain is Alfonso XII, born November 28, 1857, the son of Queen Isabella. The King has a civil list, that is to say an annual appropriation from the public treasury, which, exclusive of the allowances to the members of the royal family, amounts to £280,000, or about $1,400,000. Allowances made to the ex-Queen Isabella and other members of the royal family swell this amount to £350,000, or about $2,000,000. The present constitution of Spain, drawn up by the government and laid before a Congress elected for its ratification, was proclaimed June 30, 1876. It consists of 79 articles or clauses, and provides that Spain shall be a constitutional monarchy, the executive resting in the King, and the power to make the laws in the Cortes (legislative body) with the King. The Cortes is composed of a Senate and Congress, equal in authority. There are three classes of Senators: First, Senators by their own right; second, 100 life Senators nominated by the Crown; and third, 180 Senators, elected by the corporations of State, and by the largest payers of contributions. The elective Senators must be renewed by one-half every five years, and by totality every time the King dissolves the Cortes. The Congress is formed by Deputies, in the ratio of one to every 50,000 population. By a royal decree of August, 1878, the island of Cuba received the privilege of sending Deputies to the Cortes, in the ratio of one to every 40,000 free inhabitants. Members of Congress are also elected for five years, and may be re-elected "indefinitely." Both the Senate and Congress meet every year, and the King has the power of convoking, suspending or dissolving them. In the latter case, however, a new Cortes, must sit within three months. The King is inviolable, but his Ministers are responsible, and all his decrees must be countersigned by one of them. The Cortes must approve of his marriage, before he can contract it, and he cannot marry any one excluded by law from succession to the crown, which follows the regular order of primogeniture, that is, of the first begotten. The executive is vested under the King in a council of nine members, as follows: President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Finance, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Justice, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, Minister of War, Minister of Marine, and Minister of the Colonies. The various provinces of Spain, Districts and Communes, are governed by their own municipal laws, which have a strongly pronounced local administration.

N. E. S., Lindsburg, Kans., writes: "I send you some circulars received from Dr ——, and also a receipt for the cure of consumption, etc. If you could inform me, through Answers to Correspondents, as to his standing, or your opinion of it, you would greatly oblige."—It is contrary to our rules to undertake the answering of questions of this character, but as this case is a peculiar one, we make an exception in its favor. Mr. S. encloses some printed and lithographed circulars from which the plan of procedure may be outlined. It appears that an aged physician and personal friend of the Doctor's was afflicted with consumption, and after trying all the remedies that he could hear of or purchase, he finally met an aged missionary who had spent many years in India, and from him he learned a remedy that the aforesaid venerable M. had brought with him from coral strands. It need not be stated here that the old physician was entirely cured by his reverend friend's remedy, and so grateful was he that he determined to do all in his power to disseminate the remedy free of charge. His sands of life have long since run out, although there appeared for some time to be an impression that the hour glass was conveniently reversed for his benefit, whenever occasion demanded it. Before they were finally expended, however, he had bequeathed the missionary's recipe to Dr. ——, laying upon him a solemn obligation to give it to the world *free*, so long as he should find any one credulous enough to send a three-cent stamp for it. The recipe was sent from a sense of duty, and to relieve suffering humanity. It is given at the head of a long explanatory circular which lauds its merits and vouches for its efficacy. A "supplement" is also sent with the circular, in which the "Doctor" states that he had been in frequent receipt of letters from patients desiring him to supply them with the medicine itself, inasmuch as they could not obtain it at their drug store, or that the medicine did not seem strong enough. This state of things imposed additional labor and trouble on the "Doctor," a thing that he does not seem to have foreseen. He did the best he could under the distractions of age, infirmities and other business, and when it finally got too much for him he turned it over to the younger physician, who was liberally supplied with "sand," if not with sends. The upshot of the whole matter is that for the small sum of $3 enough of the medicine is sent to last four weeks, securely packed to go by mail. All orders must be accompanied by the cash, or go by express C. O. D. Here is the whole story in a nutshell. The "Doctor" advertises to send free of charge, a remedy whose ingredients can not be found in any drug store, simply because they are not known to *materia medica*. The man who would obtain them must send to the Doctor and pay $3 for the preparation already put up. There is nothing especially new about all this, but it seems new to our correspondent, and as it may be so to other readers we have given it thus much space.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

The Troubles of an Obliging Conductor With a Passenger.

Indianapolis Journal.

The other day as Conductor Minot of the Panhandle was leaving this City on his trip east, he found a female passenger who had a ticket to Dayton via the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. He explained that she was on the wrong train, that her ticket was not good, and that she could leave the train at Irvington and wait for the train on the other road, or he would send her back to the Union Depot, where she could wait for the train on the other line over which she was ticketed. The woman seemed to understand the explanation, but as soon as Minot had left her, an old lady occupying the seat in front of her said:

These roads are colleagued together, and their tickets are good on any road. That is just a trick of the conductor to get money out of you and steal it from the company. This road goes to Dayton, and, if I were you, I would sit right here."

When Minot returned, the woman could not be made to understand why her ticket was not good on any road running to Dayton, and, in spite of the patient and polite explanations of the conductor, she persisted in not understanding it. Finally a kind hearted Hebrew, who was seated opposite, thinking to relieve the embarrassment of the woman, offered to take her ticket and pay her fare to Richmond over half the distance. She accepted, passed her ticket over to him, and he paid the fare to Richmond. Then she quieted down until Minot came through the car, when she asked:

"Isn't that ticket worth more than the fare to Richmond?"

"Certainly; worth a third more," was the reply.

"Well, I ain't going to be swindled in that way, and I want my money back."

"I have nothing to do with that," replied Minot; "you sold you ticket; your fare has been paid to Richmond, and I cannot aid you."

Then she went for the Hebrew, accused him of being a swindler, and he finally told her that all he wanted was his money, and she could have her ticket. Minot came back and she called him again and said:

"Give that man his money back, so I can get my ticket, and I will leave this road which is run by swindlers."

"Upon your agreement to leave the train I will do it," said he, "and send you back to Indianapolis."

He then gave the money back and the ticket was returned. Presently the train stopped at Cumberland, and the conductor asked her to get off.

"I have changed my mind," was the answer.

"Then you must pay your fare."

"Pay my fare, you swindler! Why, I can prove by every one in the car that you said my fare was paid."

"Of course I did, but I gave the money back."

"Yes, you gave it to that Jew. You don't pretend that you gave it to me. You want to rob me, but I won't allow it. I am on this train to go to Richmond, and I intend to do it," and she did. Minot is consulting a lawyer on the case.

What It Is Coming to.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

If the causes for which persons commit suicide now a-days increase in triviality, we shall expect to read in a few years from now such newspaper items as the following:

De Gopher Go shot himself dead yesterday with a revolver. A new pair of shoe strings which he bought the day before didn't fit him.

John Smith stubbed his toe as he was going into his house last evening, and the circumstances so worked upon a more than usually sensitive nature that he cut his throat.

"I cannot survive this disgrace," cried a young and handsome stranger, on Fourth street, yesterday, when a lady he had never seen before passed him without speaking. Then he went down and jumped off the Suspension Bridge, and was drowned.

Wives cannot be too careful. A woman on Front street, who takes in washing to support herself and nine little children, incautiously requested her husband, who had dropped in a moment on his way to get a drink, to bring in a few kindlings from the woodshed. He went out without saying a word, but the poor woman says she will never forget till her dying day, the troubled look he wore. Rendered uneasy by his prolonged absence, she went out to the woodshed only to find his bleeding and lifeless remains on the floor. He had blown his brains out with the sawbuck.

The Sunday School.

Practical Religion.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And whatever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men.—Col. 3: 23.

LESSON TEXT.

Col. 3: 16-25.

16. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. 17. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him. 18. Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. 19. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. 20. Children obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord. 21. Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged. 22. Servants obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God. 23. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. 24. Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ. 25. But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly (v. 16)—If the word or Christ does dwell in you richly, you may be sure it will show itself outside the dwelling. Any full house will give signs of being inhabited. There may be an upper chamber or a back room occupied in a house which seems closed and empty, but when every room is full the signs of life will be apparent to an outsider. Even after dark the light will stream through the windows, and the voices of those within will make themselves heard by the passers. And the character of the dwellers in any full house will sooner or later become known to the neighbors. However secluded these dwellers may desire to remain, they will all the time be giving indications of themselves, in spite of their caution. The hours they keep, the guests they receive, their own faces and dress and bearing, as they show themselves at door or windows, even the supplies from market or from liquor stores, which are brought to their homes, and the appearance and conduct of the children of the family when they are abroad—these and many another sign go to show what are the tastes and spirit and aims and manner of living, of that household, so that the outsiders are enabled to estimate rightly the insiders. And so it will be with you if you let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. If you give this word place in only a corner of your heart, others may never know of its occupancy there. But when the fullness of the gospel of grace possesses your entire being, you cannot conceal that fact from others. The indwelling grace will shine out through the windows of your soul. You will show what is in you—what you really are—by the expression of your face, by your tones and manner, by your every word and act. In your home life, your social life, your business life, your Christian influence and activities, you will give proof to all who know you that the word of Christ dwells in you richly, to your joy, to their advantage, and to his honor.

And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus (v. 17.)—It would be most ungracious for a servant who was sent as a bearer of a rich gift to make no mention of his master as he delivered the present; to deliver it, in fact, as if it were a gift of his own making. He might say to himself that his safe delivery of it was all that fidelity required of him. The gift had been entrusted to him, and he had put it into the hands of the one for whom it was intended; was not that sufficient? No, he ought to have delivered that present in the name of his master, and have been content with being recognized as that master's messenger. His failure to do this must mark him as an unfaithful servant. By a similar test every steward of the Lord Jesus Christ must be adjudged. If you give anything in charity, give it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Tell the servant of Christ whom you aid that your Master and his sent this money to him. If you speak a word of counsel or invitation to an unconverted sinner, speak it in the name of Jesus; say, as you give it expression, that Jesus sent you to say it, and that you are saying it for Jesus' sake. If you visit the sick, if you go day after day or week after week to some distressed or sorrowing household, to show sympathy and to give comfort from the Bible reading and prayer, let it be understood that you deserve no credit for this service; that your Master commanded it, and that to him all thanks for it are due. If you teach in the Sunday School, if you are on a missionary board, if you are a worker in any benevolent Association, if you are a writer or a speaker in the cause of religion, if you merely step on the street for a few Christian words with a man, or use some time in the entertaining of children that you may be of Christian service to them—indeed "whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Wives, submit . . . husbands, love . . . children obey . . . fathers, provoke not . . . servants obey (v. 18-22). Whatever is your situation in life, there are duties attached to it that rest on no other station. And your share of those duties no one but yourself can attend to; you oughtn't to want them to if they could. The great thing for you is to see that your personal duty is well done, whether other people do theirs or not. If you are a husband, and have the lead in your house, you ought to be sure that you so lead and so love that it shall be pleasant for every other member of the family to be under you. If you are a wife, it is your place—not your husband's—which you are to fill. If you are children, it is a great deal more needful that you know and do your duty than you under whether your brothers know and do theirs. If you are parents you have it to see to that you discipline and train your children so wisely and sickndly that you neither provoke nor discourage them unduly. And if you are servants, there is no place in the world so important as a servant's to fill. Your duty is to you the duty of all duties, the only duty really worth your thinking about. Are you doing it faithfully just now?

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily (v. 23)—A thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well—as well as you can do it. To do it as well as you can, you must give yourself to it heartily. A boy who puts no heart in his play doesn't know how to play. A man who doesn't work on anything he undertakes as if his life depended on it, is a poor worker in that direction. It was said of Lord Brougham that if he had been only a bootblack he never would have rested satisfied until he had become the best bootblack in Great Britain. If a young man finds himself in the lowest place in a store or office, or on a ship or a farm, and would like to rise to a better place, his surest way of getting promotion is by doing the duties of the lower station with all his heart and soul. He ought in fact, to feel that just now there is no other work on earth so well worth doing thoroughly and heartily as that very work, even if it is worth nothing more than opening letters for a dry goods firm, or errand-ing, or sweeping out the store, or running of errands, or washing the decks, or waiting for orders. If a minister wants a larger parish, he will never get it by neglecting a smaller one. No man is worth anything for a higher sphere who fails of doing as well as he can in a lower sphere. If you do anything well in a higher sphere or in a lower, a man must give his whole attention to it. Many a man, who might have made a brilliant success in any one of a dozen lines of effort has proved an utter failure in life, just because he wouldn't give himself heartily to any one line of that dozen, but attempted a half-hearted work in several of them. Whatsoever you do, do it heartily; for if you don't do it heartily you will never do it well.

Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance (v. 24.)—The crown Prince of an Empire finds his highest incentive to effort for the well-being of his father's kingdom in the fact that he is to succeed to the proprietorship of the same. If a farm, or a manufacturing concern, or a commercial house, he has a supreme interest in the case of that to which he is a heir—because he is its heir. He cares little for day wages, or salary, or percentage of profits, for the time being, in comparison with his prospective gain in the inheritance. If the disciples of Jesus would only fully recognize the fact that in being his disciples they are they are the children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs of Christ, how their feelings would change toward the kingdom of God and the cause of his Son! What if we do have to toil and to fight and to suffer for that kingdom, to make self denials for it, and to endure much that none but members of a royal household would ever be called to! What if some who are mere hirelings seem to fare better for the hour than you do! You are not on day wages or a salary; you are not trying to make the most you can out of this cause in the passing time; you are heirs of the entire possession; "all things are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Do and endure to the utmost, never failing, never swerving, never despriring, "knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ."

He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons (v. 25.)—Those who are not heirs of Christ's inheritance receive wages according to their work done. They will have just what they fairly earn, just what they fairly deserve. It matters not who they are, or how they are looked at by others, they will receive the same wages as all others who have the same deserts. They may be of the first families in the community; they may be regular church attendants, and pay as much for their seats in church as anybody; they may be members in good standing on the church rolls; they may be eloquent ministers of the gospel; they may have given liberally to religious causes, they may have gone on a foreign mission; but if they are wrong-doers in God's sight they shall receive for the wrong which they have done; and there is no respect of persons with Him who judges them and pays them their wages. And "this is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent," and that, believing ye have life through his name—a life that evidences itself in holy living and in right doing.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

A CRACK SHOT.

Some Wonderful Work with the Shooting Irons.

Frank S. Lord, the most expert and finished pistol shot in the country, is a man of 32, the youngest son of the late Thomas Lord, of New York. He is an athlete and a gymnast, and about 1857 began to try his skill as a shot at the old Conlin gallery. The feats of Capt. John Travers, now of Cheveland, had become a tradition, though when Sandy Lawrence kept a 10-pin alley on the site of the present Astor House, Travers' gallery, attached to it, saw some wonderful exhibition of steadiness and skill with small arms. One of Capt. Travers feats was to shoot away a silver three cent bit placed between his toes, and when Blondin crossed the Niagara he allowed Capt. Travers to put a ball through his hat. From a doubting friend Capt. Travers won a diamond ring by putting a shot through the ring, and his feat of picking an orange from his son's head was tried again and again. Since Capt. Travers's time billiards have driven out tenpins, and rifle shooting at long distances has crowded pistol shooting at 12 paces into disuse. Mr. Lord, however, confines his sport almost entirely to the smaller weapon, though he is a fine rifle shot. He is a member of the New York club, and his bachelor chambers are adorned with a curious stock of pistols. In Paris he has met Paul de Cassagnac and others of the French dueling clique, and astonished them with the certainty of his aim. For 10 seasons past he has been chosen by the English-speaking residents of Paris as their champion, and a well-chosen representative has he proven. On one occasion he performed among other feats of accurate marksmanship the following: A cab of an ordinary musket was placed upon the neck of a champagne bottle, and Mr. Lord, standing at 36 feet, or 12 pace, with an ordinary dueling pistol picked off the cap without scratching the glass. The same feat was repeated, but with the pistol transferred from the right to the left hand. Two more caps were picked off by the right and left hand firing respectively, but in these instances the pistol was held in a reverse position, with the line of sight below instead of above the line of fire. The next shot was a fancy one, Mr. Lord standing with back to the object fired at, leaning far forward and then pistol pointed back between his legs, picked off the cap as before. The last of the six shots was made sitting in a chair, again with back to target and leaning back until the target could be seen by the head and eyes bent back. It is a favorite feat to suspend his watch—a fine imported piece, costing $250—and put shot after shot through the loop at 36 feet. A match or wooden toothpick had across the opening of the golden loop is cut cleanly through, and though the watch has been under fire scores and hundreds of times, it still ticks on toward the day which may come when a bullet a fraction of an inch out of the way may scatter the works in a shower of wheels and pinions. In shooting at the word of command, as in dueling, where the seconds cry out, "Are you ready?" "Ready!" "Fire—one—two—three?" the shooter being required to shoot between the words "fire" and "three," Mr. Lord, with a dueling pistol at 12 paces struck down six 2-inch bullets, hung up by threads. Such an adversary on the field of honor would satisfy the chivalric yearnings of about any mortal. At the word "one" Mr. Lord fired 10 consecutive shots into a 12 inch circle, same distance. In Paris, where fantassic shooting is very much in vogue, he is known as "Le diable American." He has time and again at 15 paces put 100 shots consecutively into a space of an ordinary playing-card. On a recent date, showing his ability for long range firing with the pistol, he struck two caps out of three shots at a distance of 69 feet. As the ordinary musket cap is about one-eighth of an inch across, the mere seeing of the mark was somewhat of a feat, but to see and hit as well was something entirely beyond the common. Yet it was done at a certain hour previously agreed upon before a large number of marksmen, including many members of the New York and Zettler rifle clubs.

Death of an Interesting Woman.

London World, July 30.

Last week, at Castellamare, died of consumption one of the most interesting women of the century—the Duchess Colonna Castiglione, *nee* Comtesse Adele d'Affrey, known in the world of art as the sculptor "Marcello." By birth Swiss, by marriage Italian, she was by preference and by habit a thorough Parisienne. An habitue of the Tuileries when the Second Empire was in its best period, she yet had nothing of the levity and meretriciousness of the Second Empire in her tone and manner. She had rather the calm, frank dignity of the *vieille cour*, united to rare gifts of heart and mind, with a noble simplicity of expression and a grand repose of movement, which, combined with a striking physiognomy, great hight, and perfect taste in costume, made her a noticeable figure in the largest *salon*. "Ouida," who was greatly attached to her, dedicated the romance of "Ariadne" to her as one "*qui a tout le charme de la femme a su reunir la force de l'art*;" and it was quite true that she combined both. She was a *grande dame* in every sense of the word, and she loved and studied all the arts. The fatal malady that killed her she contracted first in the change from the damp clay and chill studio to the heat of the outer air at the time when she modeled her famous "Pythoness" at Naples. Her physicians exiled her from her beloved Paris; but exile was useless, and she died too early, leaving her mother desolate and her friends inconsolable.

Central Illinois' Enormous Wheat Crop.

Douglass County (Ill.) Democrat.

The enormous yield of wheat in Central Illinois this year promises to revolutionize somewhat our system of farming. Certainly it will not be possible for land producing 40 bushels of wheat to the acre to long remain at $25 or $30 per acre. There may be some danger that, elated by this extraordinary yield, our farmers may go too heavily into wheat farming. We think it possible that wheat may be produced here in paying quantities any year, but it is the opinion of our best farmers that the soil must be in proper shape before much can be expected in that direction. The introduction of wheat growing will have one good effect—it will give some of the overworked land a chance to rest from continuous corn growing.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Clara Louise Kellogg, Mlle. Titiens, Fanny Davenport, Lotta, and a host of others recommend and use "Champlin's Liquid Pearl," for beautifying the complexion. CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Oh, a life on the yacht "Jeannette!"
A home on the frozen deep!
With the mercury down, you bet,
Where the butter has got to keep!

I'm off for the Northern Pole,
By way of old Behring's Strait,
Where the ice-floes gaily roll,
Oh, there I would navigate!

I long for the 80th par-
Allel of north latitude;
I'd rather freeze solid thar,
Than stay at home and be stewed.

I long to investigate
On an open Polar Sea,
And practically demonstrate
That such a thing there be.

But the summit of my ambish,
And what I have longed for most,
Is a seal and a walrus dish,
And a Polar bear on toast.

Then hand me my garments gay,
For the wind is a trifle raw,
Ah, what is so nice, I pray,
As the garb of an Esquimaux?

Oh, a life on the yacht "Jeannette!"
A home on the frozen deep!
With the mercury down, you bet,
Where butter has got to keep!

A Ramble in the Woods.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

I propose to treat on the subject of woods, and, if I ramble a little, remember it is suggested by the theme.

There are various kinds of wood—hard wood, soft wood, Greenwood (now President of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad), Fernando wood, dry wood, I would, you would, and lots of others who would, too, if they got a chance. Beams of the eye are made out of I would.

Ships are built of hard wood, which accounts in a measure for the great hard ships sailors are frequently called upon to encounter, I've an ocean. A ship constructed of soft wood entirely would be a soft thing for somebody, but it wouldn't be the mariners who attempted to navigate it.

Wood is not an ore, though an oar is generally wood, and can be used o'er and o'er. I once saw a sailor use one o'er his shipmate's head, and it took two policemen to make him give o'er.

Maple wood is a favorite variety with juveniles on account of the sugar it yields. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that maple sugar grows on the tree in cakes, already crimped around the edges. The cakes have to be carefully gathered first by means of a patent picker (never shake the tree) and crimped afterwards. If any kind of wood would please the children maple would.

Beech wood is a hard and tough variety, though it is tougher where there's no wood at all and no coal to be had. The beach of the sea is very different from the beech on dry land; don't, I beech-seech you, confound the two.

There are few boys who are not more or l ss familiar with birch. It is a subject that is frequently brought home to them. My respected sire used to bring some of it home to me about twice a week. His remarks were very cutting. He loved to mingle discipline with instruction.

Then while taking a breathing spell he would explain that the Indians make canoes out of birch bark, and I told him I thought birch would make almost any body bark, but I immediately stood corrected. In fact I stood corrected so long that it was painful to sit down for some time after that little recitation.

Hickory is very tough, as the politicians found when they attempted to handle Gen. Jackson. It is also elastic, squaws often constructing elasties out of it. Indians make bows of hickory, although it is difficult for copper colored maidens to make anything out of their beaux, for they never have a cent, unless it is a disagreeable one, a bad, red scent, as it were. GRIS.

Owing to the Weather.

Free Press.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

Terms—Postage Paid:

Single copy, per year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of ten and over, $1.65 each, and an extra copy to the getter up of a Club of ten or more.

ON TRIAL—Five copies, three months, $2.50, and an extra copy, three months, with the Club.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 88,840

The increase of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, like to the tide of the Pro'ntic Sea, knows no retiring ebb, but keeps due on toward the destined goal of 100,000. The number added during the past week was 960, making the total 88,840. This, occurring at the dullest season of the year, when every paper expects a considerable reduction in its circulation, is simply wonderful. It is something that no other paper in the country can boast of, and it is the best testimonial we can offer of the appreciation of the people generally of the BLADE's value as a family newspaper. That it more than holds its own, notwithstanding the adverseness of the season, and the strong competition directed against it from all sides, is undeniable proof of its excellence and the success it has in ministering to the intellectual wants of the American people. To day it has no equal in circulation among the family papers of the country. It reaches more people, and of a much better class than any other, no matter where published. The publishers take a justifiable pride in this fact, if for no other reason than that it is a recognition of their untiring efforts to furnish a paper which would have no superior anywhere. There is no doubt that in a few weeks—before the Autumn has begun to wane—the BLADE will have its desired number—a round *one hundred thousand subscribers.*

FORT PILLOW CHALMERS now manages the Democratic campaign in Washington. This is of a piece with electing Yellow Fever BLACKBURN Governor of Kentucky.

IN a few weeks we shall commence a new story in the BLADE by one of the most popular authors in the country. We shall make the good old BLADE better and better every week.

IS Governor-elect BLACKBURN afraid to make any explanation or apology for his yellow fever infamy, or does he think the matter is of too little importance to require notice?

"THE BLADE is the best paper published." This is what we read, (with great pleasure,) a hundred times a day. Everybody likes it, and it is our highest pleasure to deserve the good opinion of the people. We shall improve it every week.

FIVE hundred colored, and 100 white Mississippians passed through St. Louis on Wednesday on an excursion to Kansas, to inspects its advantages for emigrants. All the excursionist were tolerably well provided with funds. Being thrifty industrious people, if Kansas suits them they will be a great loss to Mississippi.

SEND in the names of your neighbors who are so entirely lost to their interests as not to take the BLADE. We will send them specimen copies and give them a chance to enjoy the principal blessing of life.

IF it costs our Minister to England $25,000 a year more than his salary to support himself, why not abolish the place at once, and stop the imposition upon our public-spirited citizens? We should not ask any man to make that much of a sacrifice for his country, especially where it does no earthly good.

THOSE desiring to act as agents for "Andersonville" will do well to get their applications in very soon. We are receiving hundreds a day, and the territory is being rapidly taken. The book will be profusely illustrated, and what is better than profusely, correctly, and will sell more rapidly than any publication since "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

SPRAGUE'S removal of his children from his wife's charge is the severest blow he can inflict upon that unhappy woman, and this is no doubt his main reason for doing it. He cares less for them than he does for revenging himself upon the lady who has had the bad taste to weary of his offensive society. There is a cheerful amount of impudence in his statement that he would no "longer entrust his children to the care of such a woman." As if anything that Mrs. SPRAGUE could do would make her as unfitting a guardian for her children as he is.

THE 12,710 immigrants who arrived in New York last month were divided into nationalities as follows:

England	2,641
Scotland	611
Wales	95
Ireland	1,839
Germany	2,912
Austria	1,525
Sweden	1,525
Norway	317
Denmark	259
France	295
Switzerland	219
Spain	91
Italy	449
Netherlands	81
Belgium	25
Russia	612
Poland	143
All other countries	185

SEND in the names of your neighbors who do not take the BLADE. We have now the largest circulation of any weekly paper in the United States, but that does not satisfy us. We want every family in the country to enjoy the luxury of a good paper.

THE State of Kentucky has suspended payments, for reasons set forth by the Auditor of State, which read a good deal like the indictments filed against the so-called carpet-bag governments by the Bourbon papers. Inasmuch as Kentucky has never had a Republican Government, the *Courier Journal* will undoubtedly attribute this state of affairs to the reflex action of the Radical administration in Mississippi and Louisiana.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Since our last issue Mrs. SPRAGUE has returned to her husband's roof, but he and she are each living in widely separated rooms of the great mansion. The children are in Gov. SPRAGUE'S part of the house. She receives few visitors, and these have to pass the gauntlet of the husband. She has made two statements in which she has recited the wrongs suffered at her husband's hands, and solemnly declares her entire innocence of the charges against her. It is reported that she will ask the Courts for a decree of separation and alimony.—The yellow fever still rages in Memphis, despite every effort to check it. It has also appeared in some of the neighboring towns. There are no hopes of the epidemic coming to an end before frost.—JAY GOULD has embarked in an independent express business beginning with the establishment of a line over the Union and Kansas Pacific, and will in time extend it on nearly the whole network of the Western railroads, comprising the following lines: Union Pacific, Colorado Central, Utah Central, Utah Southern, Utah and Northern, Bingham, Canon and Camp Floyd, Wasatch and Jordan Valley, Omaha and Republican Valley, Kansas Pacific, Junction City and Ft Kearney, Solamon Valley, Salina and Southwestern, St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern and its branches, the Utah and Montana Stage Line, and probably the Toledo and Wabash railroad.

The improvement of the agricultural situation in England is very slight, and the harvest cannot be otherwise than very deficient. Very little English wheat was offered during the week either at Mark Lane or at the County exchanges. Business has been to a great extent of a holiday character, but in most instances sellers had no difficulty in obtaining last week's prices.

The race for the Runnymede cup at Egham, England, on the 13th, was won by the American-bred filly "Saratoga."

The Austrian Cabinet crisis has resulted in a victory for the Liberals, who will be called to accept most of the portfolios.

On the 13th a terrible riot broke out between the Irish and French section of the Quebec Ship Laborers Association. The subject of dispute was a reduction of wages, to which the French laborers were willing to accede but not the Irish. Over 3,000 men were more or less implicated in the disturbances. A score or more were killed in the first day's fight. Deadly collisions have taken place every day since, and the whole City is in an uproar, the civil authorities being powerless to interfere. At present priests and others are striving to restore peace.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 15th. The speech from the throne was delivered by a Royal Commission. The Queen, after announcing that the relations of the government with other powers continue cordial, refers to the faithful execution of the principal clauses of the treaty of Berlin and near realization of the remainder. On the subject of reform in Turkey, the Queen speaks of the calamities of war as explaining the delay, but declares her purpose to insist upon the Porte's compliance with its engagements. The Queen directs attention to the change for the better that has already taken place in Egypt.

A riot broke out at Lurgan, Ireland, on the 16th, between the Catholics and Protestants, which still continues, and quite a number have been killed on either side.

The reported death of Mrs. NELLY GRANT SARTORIS proves to be erroneous. It was her husband's aunt—formerly ADELAIDE KEMBLE—who died.

The Egyptian Ministry formed by SHERIF Pasha on the accession of the present Khedive, has resigned, and an other Ministry, composed of various Pashas of whom little is known, has been formed, the Khedive heading as President of the Council.

THE efforts to secure half rates on all railroads leading to Toledo for the coming re-union of the Survivors of Southern Prisons, October 1st and 2d, are meeting with the most gratifying success. All the roads corresponded with so far have made cordial responses, tendering very generous reductions in their regular rates. The hotels in Toledo have also put down their rates very low, so that the comrades attending the re-union will be at the least possible expense for themselves and families. Invitations have been sent to Gens. GRANT, HANCOCK, SHERIDAN, CORSE, COBURN, STREIGHT and others, and many of them will undoubtedly be present. There is no doubt that the gathering will be a grand success.

THE forthcoming book, "Andersonville," will unquestionably be the best illustrated work of all those treating of the late war. A number of original Rebel photographs furnish the basis for many of the pictures, and the drawings are all executed under the eye of the author, by artists who, in addition to being of the first rank in their profession, were each of them soldiers in the field, and know by actual acquaintance of the details which they assume to represent. This is a radical difference from most books on the war, the illustrations of which, drawn by artists who "know no more of the division of a battle than a spinster," are usually such gross travesties of the scenes they claim to represent, as to excite the ridicule of every soldier. The pictures in "Andersonville" are no less valuable in every way than the text, and together they will make the best war book ever issued.

THE Bulldozer has made the South a moral and political Dead Sea. A destroying wave of brutal tyranny has rolled over the section, reducing all life and growth to a condition of putrid stagnation. All independence of thought, all progress, is stifled as effectually as it was in dreary old Spain by the reign of the Inquisition. What were once hopeful germs of better things for the future now lie as rotten carcases along the shores of this sea of hideous desolation. The crimes by which political freedom was strangled have had their natural result in giving a hotbed luxuriance to all other species of villainy. The lawlessness surrounding the ballot-box has been reproduced in all other phases of social intercourse, until crime revels in wild saturnalia in every Township of the South. Can it be otherwise than that business should languish, and trade droop amid such surroundings? The destruction of all the hopes of the South will follow the blow struck by political ruffians at the rights of citizens.

GRANT IN CHINA.

No one who has ever traveled in foreign countries has had the opportunities to so thoroughly acquaint himself with the manners and customs of their people as Gen. GRANT. Even the Chinese, reticent, reserved, and jealous of allowing a peep into their domestic affairs, seem to have opened their hearts and homes for the inspection of the renowned American.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* gives an interesting description of the reception of GRANT and his party at Tientsin by the Viceroy of that province, a man of great ability and intelligence. The latter has made himself a power in China, and won great fame by his agency in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion, which ended in 1865, a few months after our own was brought to a close. On account of this coincidence, he expressed the greatest interest in the coming of GRANT, and received him with the largest respect and consideration.

What, however, is of the most interest—far beyond the movements of any single individual, be he Gen. GRANT or plain JOHN SMITH—is the change in China itself which this reception makes evident. The number of statesmen in that country who, like the Viceroy of Tientsin, are no longer afraid of the outside world, is rapidly increasing. The desire for railroads, telegraphs and other accompaniments of the civilization of to-day is frequently expressed, and the barriers to their introduction rapidly breaking away. The thoughtful among them perceive that the successful development of China depends upon the use of these agencies, and the anxiety deepens to see them in operation through a country which was settled and civilized thousands of years ago to a degree which we can even now scarcely realize. Gen. GRANT, it is said, has used every effort in his conversations with these statesmen to strengthen this feeling, and his words annot fail of having some effect.

The time is not far distant when China will seize upon the appliances of modern civilization, and with the ready adaptiveness of her people, she will make wonderful strides forward. It would seem by the description of Tientsin that some of the first lessons they need to take are in the line of sanitary arrangements. Their Cities are universally described as filthy beyond conception, with open sewers and every form of abomination likely to promote disease. Pestilence is common, and it is no wonder. Smallpox they do not believe to be contagious and pitted faces are seen everywhere. With improvement in other respects, doubtless there will be one in this direction also.

LIFE INSURANCE THAT ACTUALLY INSURES.

There is life insurance that insures, and life insurance that does not. The public have had a great deal of both, and it is a good thing for the public to know exactly where to get the one and avoid the other. The Mutual Life, of New York, is one of the companies that actually insures. A policy in that company is just as good to the family of a dead man as though it had the money in bank. There can be no mistake about it. Its promises to pay are just as good as the Government's, and better, for no act of wild Congressmen or a whimsical political majority can affect it. It is as sound as anything earthly can be, and when it fails to fulfil its promises it may be set down as certain that nothing earthly is certain.

The Mutual Life has available assets to the amount of $87,127,614, all of which is pledged to the payment of losses. It has paid on deaths and endowments, since its organization, the incalculable sum of nearly forty-five millions of dollars, and last year alone it paid in cash to widows and orphans the magnificent sum of nearly three millions and a half. There is no mistake or miscalculation in this. In this issue of the BLADE will be found the list of losses actually paid, the table showing in each case the amount of the original policy, and also what that policy has earned, the two added being the sum paid in each case to the widows and orphans of the policy-holder.

The showing is not only startling, but instructive. It demonstrates the wonderful usefulness of life-insurance, in companies that actually insure.

The Mutual Life is a company that has intelligence as well as integrity at its head. The principal complaint against life insurance was that the rate was too high. Forty years ago this was not well founded—to-day it is. The better methods of living, the wonderful advance that has been made in the domestic economy of the world, the advance of knowledge of the laws of life, all tend to prolong life, and increase the average of human existence. The Mutual Life recognizes the fact that the average of men live longer than they did 40 years ago, and consequently the risk of insurance is less. This fact, coupled with the enormous advantage their capital and their perfect system of doing business gives them, have brought them to the point of reducing the cost of insurance. It has finally reduced the rates 15 per cent. from the heretofore established rates, which brings it within the reach of almost every one who is earning anything above the bare necessities of life, and widens largely its sphere of useful ness.

The BLADE has always held that life insurance was one of the necessities of our civilization. It has always held that a man had no right to expose his family to the chances of business, and especially that every man in debt should make this provision for his family in the event of an untimely death. Repeating this lesson, we take pleasure in referring our readers to the statement of the Mutual Life in this week's issue, and to assure them that whoever has a policy in that company has as certain and safe a provision for his family as is possible on earth, and that he may die with the absolute certainty that every promise made therein will be faithfully and justly carried out. There are plenty of companies of whom we would not say this—to say it of the Mutual is an act of justice to our readers as well as to the company.

Those wanting good books, and everybody ought to have them, at merely nominal prices, should send for the BLADE Book Catalogue. We have the very best books of fiction, travels, biography, science, poetry and philosophy, which we mail, postage free, on receipt of *half* the publishers' price. Send for a catalogue and make your selections. There never was and never will be an opportunity of getting good books so cheaply.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Despairing of a Frost, or Any Great Calamity in Ohio, Goes to Mississippi, to Assist the Democracy There.

KENTERVILLE,
(Wich is in the State uv Mississippi,)
Aug. 15, 1879.

I hadn't the pashense to wait at Pettusville, in Ohio, for a frost. The thermometer woodn't do nothin for me. Nite after nite I sot up, till mornin, hopin for it to go down to the freezin pint, so that it wood destroy the corn, but it woodn't go down. I hoped for some sort uv a smash in the iron market, for some terrible distress to come upon the manufacturers and operatives — I prayed for defalcashens, for bankruptcies, for anything that wood make distress and make the people dissatisfied with the existin condishen uv things, but nothin uv the kind happened. Labrin men wuz all employed, their employers paid em promptly and in good money, and when I went onto the streets and howled agin hard times and Republikin misrool, I wuz laft to skorn. I saw em gittin on so easy that I wuz temptid to quit Dimekratik polytix and go to work myself. But anshent habit prevailed, and I nipt that resolooshen in the bud.

Feelin that I must do suthin for Dimocrisy I left for Mississippi, wich is a more promisin field, and got full uv the old fashioned kind uv Dimocrisy onto wich I wuz weaned.

I am happy here. Here we hev the undilootid article. Here ther is distress in ded airnist. Here the Dimocrisy hev no money, and never will hev, and I kin talk hard times with some effeck.

My biznis sence I hev bin here is to assist in savin the County from the fell spirit uv disorganizashun. There is more niggers than white men here, and jist after the war a great many disorganizers from Ohio and Noo England settled in the county, putting up saw mills and buyin large quantities uv land, and spendin money on improvements and sich. Not contentid with reversin the regler habits uv the kentry they insistid on takin part in pollytix, and ez the niggers votid with them, they carried the County several years after the war, and kep the Dimocrisy groanin in spirit.

But at the last Presidenshel eleckshun the Dimocrisy girded up its loins and refoosed to submit to this infamus rool. It wuz determined to carry the County for Tilden and Reform, and the Republikin majority uv two thousand wuz changed to a Dimikratic majority uv about the same number. The Dimocrisy quit groanin and loaded ther shotguns. It wuz a crisis and it wuz boldly and cheerfully met. I do not know how many niggers wuz killed, for no akkount wuz ever taken uv em, nor do I know how many uv ther white abettors wuz permittid to leeve the County, but ez it wuz boldly proclaimed that the freedom and purity uv the ballot-box wuz agoin to be maintained, even at the muzzle uv the shot-gun, the number must hev bin considable. The niggers wuz offered the ballot, in akkordance with the amendment, with the condishin sternly insistid onto that it wuz to be the Dimekratic ballot without a skratch onto it. Very few uv them wuz abandoned enuff to offer their votes, and, ez, I remarkt, the Dimocrisy carried the County, triumphantly for Tilden and Reform.

This yeer the Dimocricy met and nominated ther tikkit. It wuz a good tikkit, and ther wuz no reason under heaven why any man, black or white, shood refoose to vote for it. The candidates wuz all eligible. Every one uv em hed owned niggers afore the war, and every wun uv em hed served in the Confederate army. I bleeve ther wuzn't one on it that hed been anything less than a captain, and one, the candidate for Sheriff, hed participated in the glorious affair at Fort Pillow. All uv em hed bin active in ridding the country uv disturbers. Col. Sharkey, the candidate for Sheriff, hevin killed, fust and last, a hundred niggers. His shot-gun wuz alluz shoor.

To our surprise a disturber named Thompson disentid from the ackshen uv the convenshun. He wuz born in the county, but hed disgraced his State by being reconstructid and actin with the radikels. He called a convenshun uv the "citizens" and announst hisself, ez a "independent" candidate for Sheriff. Ez mite hev bin expectid this aroused indignashen in the county, Wuz this to be permitted? Never!

"I thought they wuz done with this nonsense," sed Col. Sharkey, "but they drive me to it."

And he wiped out his shot-gun, and laid in a stock uv buck-shot.

The Dimocricy organized to prevent this outrage. Headid by Col. Sharkey, every man uv em, with his shot-gun in his hand and determinashun on his brow, marched to the hall where the disorganizers wuz in session. Tompson hed jist been nominatid and wuz makin a speech in wich he wuz urgin devoshun to the yoonyun and the laws. Col. Sharkey stopped him, remarkin that he hed suthin to say.

"Do you really and in ded arnist propose to be a candidate for Sheriff?" he asked uv Tompson.

"Certinly I do," wuz the inslent reply. "In this free kentry anybody kin be a candidate wich kin get a nominashen."

"My dooty is cleer," sed the intrepid Sharkey. "I am a law-abidin citizen and will hev nothin but law and ordea. Wat I am about to do is my own privit matter, tho it is in the intrest uv the masses. Law and order must be maintained. Mr. Tompson I giv you jest five minits to git offen that platform, resine yoor candidacy and disperse this unlawful meetin."

"Can't a citizen uv Mississippi hold meetings and vote ez he pleases?" demanded the insolent Thompson.

"To vote ez one pleases is a bevin-born rite," ansered Col. Soarkey, "but one must please to vote the Dimocratic tickit. The safety uv the kentry demands that trifiin confession. Every Northern agitator, and every nigger radikel in this hall hez that liberty. Mr. Tompson your time is nearly up, and I never waste words."

He cockt his shot-gun.

"I shel stay ez long ez I please, and shell be a candidate—"

The mizable man didn't finish the sentence. The five minits wuz not quite up, but Col. Sharkey saw there wuz no yoose uv argooin with him, and his shot-gun ansered. Tompson fell on the platform a corpse. Then Col. Sharkey, reloadin the barrel, giv notis to the white men in the hall, that they must leave the County in 24 hours or take the consekences, and that the niggers must git to their respective homes to-wunst, and with his faithful followers left the hall.

Arrivin at Liberty Hall, the Dimekratic hed-quarters, Col. Sharkey askt us to halt.

"The law must be observed," he sed. "I hev killed a man. Very well, I will anser for it. I am a law-abidin citizen. This matter must be investigatid, and the Courts must pass upon it. It may be that I wuz wrong. We will go to the Magistrate."

Fortunately, Square Gusher, a Justis uv the Peace, wuz in.

"I wish to deliver myself up," sed Col. Sharkey.

"Wat hez happened?" askt the Squire takin his pipe out uv his mouth, and settin up a demijohn.

"I hev killed a man," replied Sharkey.

"Is that all?" sed Gusher. "Who was he? He is a *wuz*, ef you drawd on him," he remarkt, complimenting the Kernel's skill.

"Tompson, the Ohio disorganizer, who wuz a runnin for Sheriff. I killed him and must answer for it."

"Killin," sed the square, "is a serus matter, but ther are times when a man is justified in drorin his weepin. Tompson wuz a disorganizer, and doubtlis yoo hed provocashen. The Court holds the killin uv sich entirely justifiable, and yoo will not be detained. Take another drink, Cunnel."

"Let it be remembered," sed Sharkey, that I hev obsarved the law. I killed a man—I cum here voluntarily and delivered myself up. The court hez honorably acquitted me and I am a free man. I coodent hev slept soundly to-night without payin this homage to law. Wat is freedom without law?"

A posse wuz at once detailed to see that the obnoxious disturbers did actooally leeve that nite, and that they mite hev no reason for stayin ther mills wuz burnt, and ther houses raidid. We sot the wimmen and children out into the nite, and divided ther household goods among the faithful ez needed em.

We shel not be troubled with these disturbers any more, and the county will hev that yoonity so much to be desired. In consekence uv his prompt ackshen, Col. Sharkey will be yoonanimously electid, and we shel be the banner Democratic County uv the State.

I enjoy livin here very much. The soil is rich and there is excellent facilities for manufacturin. All we want is populashen and capitle. The citizens wood be glad to hev northern capitalists uv the rite kind come here and locate and develop the kentry. We want men wich woodent desire to interfere in politix, and sich wood be allowed to remane here unmolestid. The citizens, ez wuz demonstarted by Col. Sharkey's givin hisself up after the shootin uv Tompson, is great sticklers for observin law. After killin a man the shivelry alluz goes afore a justis and is acquitted in doo legal form. Ther never hez been a white man hung for killin in the county, ceptin one, a mud sill, wich shot a native for orderin him not to vote on eleckshun day. The rite kind uv men, with capitle, cood do a great deal toward bildin up the country, and that's what we want. But they must be considrit and very keerful about any attempts to break up the Dimocratic party, thus invitin trouble. I ain't shoor but that I shell remain here.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Law abidin.)

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

Nihilism is not dead yet in Russia, although no sudden murders have been reported for some time, and many have supposed that the stringent military government inaugurated had produced the desired effect—that the monster was crushed to the earth not to rise again. In fact, however, it may be said that this quiet is only one like those that often precede a storm in the physical world. The Nihilists have simply transferred their labors from the cities to the country. They are working to spread their doctrines through the vast body of Russian peasantry, and they report great progress. These people have become dissatisfied with the Government since the war with Turkey. They have felt its burdens and do not partake of its glory; hence they are ready to embrace anything which will bring a change. They have been promised a division of the immense Crown lands and the extensive estates of the great land holders, and this of itself is sufficient to arouse their cupidity and take them from their allegiance to the Czar.

That there will come a great convulsion in Russia at a future day, few can doubt. With the whole eastern part of the Empire radically Nihilistic, as it is emphatically affirmed to be, and with large numbers scattered over every other portion, all enthusiastic and determined, it cannot be imagined that the rebellious spirit can be put down without a severe struggle. Could the civilized world see that any definite plan for good controlled these revolutionists, more sympathy would be extended to them; but so far their whole aim seems to be the destruction of the existing order of things—the breaking up of the present form of government—leaving the future to care for itself. The possible consequences of such a chaos as would reign are terrible to contemplate.

It seems that beside Nihilistic troubles, all is not serene in the high places of Russia. It is more than intimated that the mysterious fires which have occurred lately were not accidental. Some months ago it will be remembered, a conflagration at Adrianople entirely destroyed a portion of the Russian military archives that "would have compromised certain exalted personages in command during the late war." This put an end to any inquiry into the army contracts. The same kind of game has been played before and since with success, and guilty officials escaped punishment. Russia is in a bad way in spite of her magnificent resources.

The Best Rubber Boot.

The "ninety-five per cent. sterling rubber boot" is advertised in our columns. There is nothing better for a farmer or outdoor man than a good rubber boot, and nothing so exasperating as a bad one. The ninety-five per cent. rubber boot is all that is claimed for it. It is as nearly pure rubber as can be made, is made upon honor, and will outlast any three pairs of other rubber goods. The manufacturers warrant them for three months, the date of the selling of each pair being punched in the top of the leg. The heel of these boots is protected with an iron guard. There are three soles, all made of pure rubber, and inside is the ventilating Esquimaux lining, making the boot as comfortable as it is durable. We know the goods, for we have worn them, and can unhesitatingly recommend them. The manufacturers, L. CANDEE & Co., New Haven, Conn., will send descriptive circulars to any address, free of charge. Farmers, lumbermen, and all who pass their Winters out of doors, will do well to inform themselves as to the merits of this really valuable article. It is the best, and, in the long run, cheapest rubber boot made.

THE BEST OF INVESTMENTS.

Life Insurance as a Matter of Fact.

The Great Perpetual Family Fund of $87,127,614.52—The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York Pays Out in One Year (1878) $3,426,046 in Cash to Widows and Orphans—Reduction of Rates.

From Harper's Weekly, August, 1879.

In every family, not of such positive affluence as to be beyond the reach of disaster by failure of the sources of income, there must always be a sense of apprehension for the future. Death casts a menacing shadow, across the brightest prospects, and the fear of a bereaved family enduring wants for which no adequate resources can be afforded makes the sharpest goad with which the man in business is incited. It is this, more than avarice, or the desire or inordinate gratifications, that impels the overstrained strife for money among our people. As a rule, the manifestations of greed do not continue among us through life in a sordid way. With business success comes the family, and as the household advances, the culture, taste and liberal graces of mature life mitigate the wear and tear of the struggle for property and a stable home.

A RANSOM FROM ANXIETY.

But the fact that by a simple and practical expedient the corroding fear of death and of business failure may be superseded, and the provision of a moderate certainty secured at once, forms one of the peculiar developments of our time. By means of a life insurance, which may be maintained for a trifle from year to year, a man secures an indemnity which protects, in case of his death, his family against want. This expedient, deemed novel and mysterious in the last generation, has in the present become a common-place usage, and the life policy forms a prudential feature of the greater portion of completed households. From its infancy in the present century, life insurance has become a giant, and with the fostering shelter of our republican institutions it has reached proportions rivaling the fiscal operations of the National Government. The outstanding obligations of the life insurance companies have measured as high as the volume of our National debt.

LIFE INSURANCE AT A REDUCED COST.

As a topic of the day, interesting to almost every household, the final settlement of the five years' controversy about the reduction of the cost of insurance commands attention. At the close of this period of strife and opposition on all sides the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has finally and permanently reduced its premium 15 per cent. from the established rates. This reduction is no longer an experiment, but has reached the level of regular and established routine.

THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE AVERAGE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

Among the factors which make such a reduction practicable and safe is the truth that the average of human existence, under modern institutions, has improved in appreciable degree. In some of the Registrar-General's reports this improvement is hinted at in England, and Prof. De Morgan calls attention to the discrepancies between the old and the newer life-tables as explainable on this ground. He says: "The real improvement of life which has taken place from the introduction of vaccination, more temperate habits, better medical assistance, and greater cleanliness in towns," accounts in a degree for the differences in the tables. Is it not a significant and important testimony to the success of our great educational system, of our more expanded popular intelligence, of our institutions, whether political or social, that this practical result in life insurance has become feasible? This subject might be enlarged upon, but we must restrict our notice of it here to some details regarding the business of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

THE MEASURE THE GREAT FAMILY FUND.

The great question, "Does it pay?" puts aside all others as to how the thing is done. Disputes about management must at last be solved by results. For those who want only insurance it may be interesting to learn that the Mutual Life is a compact of individuals all assuring each other, the new comer and the old being on one footing. There is no question of stock or proprietary interests of the shareholders of a corporation absorbing or controlling the common interest. The measure of the accumulated assets of the Mutual Life has now attained a magnitude in millions some 25 per cent. greater than all the capital of the banks of the metropolis, being in the aggregate $87,000,000. It is the largest financial corporation known to exist. Its policies outstanding, securing life insurance, equal in amount the entire issue of the National Bank currency afloat. But the practical measure of its beneficent usefulness will be seen in the exact list of its payments for a year. During last year $3,426,046 was distributed, and the annexed tables recite in what sum the company paid it out to the survivors of the insured—the policy-holders. Besides the names and residences classified in localities and States the original amount of the policy is given, and also in a separate column the amount of earnings remaining at death. It may be useful to note that many of the duplicate policies were paid for from these earnings, or their current premium paid by applying the dividends for this purpose. These policies showing extraordinary accumulations, even to the extent of two or three-fold the amount of the original sum insured, attest alike the prudence and success of the management, and the obvious expediency and justice of the reduction of so large a percentage of premium rates. Those rates still exceed what is called for to secure the amount insured. It may be claimed that this excess was returned with interest by the Mutual Life, but it is equally certain that it would have slipped into the pockets of the stockholders in a proprietary or a stock company, for it should be borne in mind that some of the largest companies are conducted on a different plan from the Mutual Life, and they are managed, like all other corporations, for the benefit of a body of stockholders, who are distinct from the policy holders. The demand for the old rates of premium had regard to the profits of the stockholders, which have heretofore been loaded on to the tables and averages, computing the cost of insurance as made up by the actuaries.

THE SAFE WAY TO GO ABOUT INSURANCE.

All the disputes that have filled the newspapers about this subject, can be condensed into two sentences, so far as persons who want insurance require to be intelligently guided. They should first seek the necessary information for themselves, and not wait to be hunted up and canvassed by an agent.

Next, as the largest, the soundest, the best accredited company in the world, has now permanently established the lowest rates and the safest terms, only the absolutely uninformed and those incompetent to judge can be imposed upon and misled.

The source of difficulty with those who insure is that they get more insurance than they can afford to carry. They give way to the persuasion of agents who push their investment for a strictly safe and prudential object beyond their means, into the very vortex of that speculation which it was the original design of the transaction to guard against. Out of this has arisen the lapse and forfeiture of policies so much complained of. The pretense of turning a life insurance into a savings bank is also a fallacy of very dangerous tendencies. An inordinate insurance policy is no more desirable than a big mortgage for a family.

WHERE THE PITFALLS ARE—THE PATENT SAFETY INSURANCE GAMES.

The reckless efforts tending to degrade this beneficent scheme into the channels of mere stock speculation should meet with severe reprobation. All the devices of what may be termed fancy life insurance have come to grief. Although it is the latest development of the higher mathematical sciences, the system is really simple and rigid in its requirements. It is as exact and inexorable as any of the other laws of nature. Any departures from its rules and experiences as to indiscriminate selection, non-forfeiture, incontestibility or looseness of handling in any shape which may impair the precision of estimates, are fatal to its very existence upon scientific principles. The various baits and plausibilities put forth in this way are of the same character as the luxury with which the feasts of the gaming house are set forth to entice their victims to the faro table. They lead merely to fraud, vexation and disaster. They are resorted to for issuing temporary policies of which the great mass are abandoned inside of three years, affording the chief field of the speculative or proprietary companies for their private profits. The pretended liberality of such concerns is the least desirable of all features of the system. Like oratory, in regard to which it was said by the greatest orator that the first requirement was action, and, when asked what else, he said the rest also is action—so the first thing in life insurance is safety, and all the rest likewise is safety.

In chosing between a stock company and the Mutual it is as if the ownership and cultivation of your farm and the possession of all its avails for yourself, were compared with working it on shares with another person, who makes returns at his option. The stock companies must have their share of the profits, which they can deduct only from the money of the policy holders.

SURRENDER VALUES AND INCONTESTABILITY.

The Legislature of the State of New York having last Winter declared by statute the manner in which surrender values shall be adjusted for the future, the Mutual Life has applied the rule uniformly to the entire body of policy holders, old as well as new, in the same spirit of liberality which the common equity of their association necessarily requires. The like essential principle which makes the interest of each individual the same as that of the aggregate members, compels the prompt payment of death claims as the imperative duty of the officers of the company. Policy holders' just claims are not litigated. There are no cross interests of stock to suggest litigation, as in the stockholders' concerns, and it would obviously be against an immutable principle for a man "to law" himself.

The established revival of business will make a new demand for moderate policies. The acquisition of this safeguard will prompt a sacrifice of "first fruits" from profits at the domestic altar. The true use of life insurance as the ark of the household covenant has been the great lesson in the wilderness of hard times.

Those insurance concerns attempting to build up a gambling feature of the system abuse its great usefulness, and commit an offense against public polity. The Mutual Life declines uniformly this class of applications. All who seek legitimate insurance should beware of finding themselves associated with the sporting circles of hazardous pool-selling.

SOME OF LAST YEAR'S DEATH-CLAIMS FOR EXAMPLE—THE MUTUAL LIFE JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

An example of better business methods will be observed in the annexed record. Take the second name on the New York City list, that of a lady:

She died leaving a policy for	$10,000
And its accumulations were	10,190
Making a total of	$20,190

An example of what smaller sums can yield is seen in the Colorado list:

Five policies of $200 each yield earnings of $285 respectively, making	$1,425
And a policy of $500 yields	1,212

The policy of the late Chancellor Pruyn, of Albany, was for $3,000
Of which the earnings stood at 4,096

Making a total sum paid of	$7,096
William A. Clarke, of New York, Earnings	$10,000 / 10,753
Paid at death, total	$20,753
George W. Blunt, New York Pilot Commissioner	$5,000
Earnings	5,554
Paid at death, total	$10,554
John Warren, New York City, policy for	$5,000
Earnings	8,363
Paid at death, total	$13,363
Also, a second policy for	$5,000
Earnings	8,091
Paid at death, total	$13,091
Making for the two policies of $10,000 a profit of $17,074, or a payment in full at death of	$27,074
William M. Vermilye, late a trustee of the Mutual Life, had a policy of	$5,000
Earnings	7,088
Paid at death, total	$12,088
Samuel M. Isaacs, New York City	$5,000
Earnings	6,171
Paid at death, total	$11,171
Isaac W. Arthur, New Orleans, La	$5,000
Earnings	7,083
Paid at death, total	$12,083
John T. Sprague, New York City	$5,000
Earnings	8,540
Paid at death, total	$6,540
William F. Allen, late Justice of the New York Court of Appeals	$1,500
Earnings	2,145
Paid at death, total	$3,645
William Wing, Columbus, O	$1,000
Earnings	1,441
Paid at death, total	$2,441
Louis A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa	$5,000
Earnings	6,841
Paid at death, total	$11,840
Franklin Forbes, Clinton, Mass	$5,000
Earnings	5,097
Paid at death, total	$10,097
Edward E. Manton, Swampscott, Mass	$3,000
Earnings	3,123
Paid at death, total	$6,123
Edward L. Baker, New Bedford, Mass	$2,500
Earnings	2,228
Paid at death, total	$4,728
Ezra Palmer, M. D., Boston, Mass	$5,000
Earnings	4,705
Paid at death, total	$9,705
William C. O'Driscoll, Savannah, Ga	$5,000
Earnings	4,828
Paid at death, total	$10,828
John G. Lonsdale, Memphis, Tenn	$10,000
Earnings	8,878
Paid at death, total	$18,878
Robert M. Cunningham, Louisville, Ky	$2,500
Earnings	1,736
Paid at death, total	4,236
Joseph McDaniel, Dover, Del	$4,000
Earnings	3,926
Paid at death, total	$7,926
Anthony Van Invagree, Racine, Wis	$4,000
Earnings	4,248
Paid at death, total	$8,248
David M. Marvin, Westport, Conn	$6,000
Earnings	5,525
Paid at death, total	$11,525

A large proportion of policy holders have used dividends to pay their premiums, and in such cases, the profits being used as they accrue, there can be no addition to the face of the policy.

THE OLD AND NEW RATES COMPARED.

The new reduction in the rates of premium exhibit the following comparisons from the old and the new tables of the Mutual Life for insurance of $1,000, annual payments:

Age of 25, old rates $19.89, new $16.91.
Age of 30, old rates 22.70, new 19.36.
Age of 35, old rates 26.38, new 22.42.
Age of 40, old rates 31.30, new 26.61.
Age of 45, old rates, 37.97, new 32.27.
Age of 50, old rates, 47.18, new 40.10.
Age of 55, old rates 59.91, new 50.92.
Age of 60, old rates 77.63, new 65.99.

The other companies continue to charge the old rates. The Mutual Life's new rates are uniform to the old as well as the new policy holders, and to the different classes of the insured, whether life or endowment.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID IN 1878

BY THE

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

[The first column shows the amount of the policy upon which the premium was paid, and the second column shows the earnings of the policy, paid at death, in addition to the sum named in the policy.]

NEW YORK CITY.

PHILADELPHIA.

W. H. H. Gimbinger	1,000	18
Wm. Ehlenfeldt	1,000	6
Stephen Harding	5,000	23
Jas. Bowker	5,000	23
Edwin Forrest	5,000	23
Edward C. Everett	1,000	10
Jacob V. Weidner	2,500	1
Thos. Potts	2,500	
Samuel Lewis	10,000	71
Jas. M. Willcox	5,000	23
Edward Keyser	1,000	2
Henry Schneider	5,000	23
Chas. B. Wilson	5,000	23
Jos. W. Kelly	2,500	23
Lewis N. Cooley	2,500	1,262
Jos. Bullock	1,000	5
Joseph Harrison	10,000	1,408
Joseph Ripka	1,000	
Joseph A. Jeffries	1,000	16
Edward Lewis	20,000	71
John C. Brown	2,000	6
Wm. Wilkinson	5,000	23
Edward Keyser	1,000	2
Jas. B. Wilson	5,000	23
Henry Schneider	5,000	23
Jos. W. Kelly	2,500	23
Lewis N. Cooley	2,500	1,262
John B. Myers	1,000	5
Joseph Ripka	1,000	
Joseph A. Jeffries	1,000	16
Edward Lewis	20,000	71
John C. Brown	2,000	6
Wm. Wilkinson	5,000	23
Joseph Harrison	10,000	1,408
Jas. Bullock	1,000	5
Jas. Bullock	1,000	5

MASSACHUSETTS.

Nathaniel Bush, Buckland	5,000	1,119
Thos. Forbes, Cohasset	5,000	1,262
Thos. Forbes, Cohasset	5,000	1,262
Samuel Lyman, Northampton	5,000	23
Stephen Lyman, Northampton	5,000	23
Stephen Henry Warren, Bromfield	5,000	23
Stephen Henry Warren, Bromfield	5,000	23
Stephen Henry Warren, Bromfield	5,000	23
Edward P. Staples, Beverly	5,000	23
Edward P. Staples, Beverly	5,000	23
Henry S. Walker, Leominster	2,000	12
Henry S. Walker, Leominster	2,000	12
Jos. H. Hawkins, Pittsfield	5,000	23
John Wood, New Bedford	5,000	23
Samuel Sprague, Boston	5,000	23
Alfred S. Kirby, Westport	5,000	23
Edward H. Foster, Lynnfield	5,000	23
Edward H. Foster, Lynnfield	5,000	23
Wm. H. Haskell, Gloucester	2,000	12

BOSTON.

Francis Baker	5,000	23
Francis Baker	5,000	23
Francis Baker	5,000	23

The Household

Contributors are writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Observations of a Teacher.

My experience in teaching is limited to two terms, and no doubt some of the rules I have are not the best, but perhaps my experience may help some beginner. Let me state my views of the obligations of a teacher. I consider it the same as any business transaction. The teacher passed an examination and known to have a good moral character, or rather not known to have otherwise, is given a certificate corresponding with his ability to answer the questions put by the examining committee. I had not taught previous to last October, and I am free to say that I would not have taken a school then had I not been one of the many who were out of the kind of work that suited. I made up my mind to teach, and hunted up my old school books so as to be able to answer some of the questions at the examination for teachers certificates. I was surprised to find the questions so simple. In this county (Saline, Kan.) there are three grades of certificates, viz: A., No. 1, No. 2. Grade 1 is as high as grade A as far as it goes. Grade A requires botany and geology, and one or two other studies. The examination to obtain a grade 1 certificate is no more difficult than we used to have monthly when I was 14 or 15, attending a grammar school. Of course, the examinations being easy enables many to teach who have not sufficient education; and there being a good many such teachers the wages are low. Teachers in the country are paid from $18 to $40, (average about $30.) If there is any advice I can give to young teachers it is this: Don't, to assert authority, make a lot of unnecessary rules. A teacher must not allow whispering or laughing in school, and must have scholars improve their time in school. At recess, I think, it is advisable for the teacher to be with the scholars, at least enough to know there is nothing immoral going on. By working things right the teacher will in a short time have plenty of friends among the scholars. I never have had any trouble about scholars whispering. They know it won't do, and know what the result would be if they should attempt it. If one wishes to speak to another, permission is asked, and, if there are not too many asking the same privilege, always grant the request, unless satisfied it is not connected with their studies. I have never had occasion to whip a scholar, although I have scholars that have given teachers trouble. The more I teach the better I am satisfied that the faculty of keeping order depends almost entirely on the teachers ability to show the scholars you will not be run over. To show them this, it is not necessary to shake two or three of them, or even to whip them, do it, and be sure to do it the very first time any trace of not intending to mind shows itself. Don't waste your breath talking to them, asking if they did not know it was wrong, or it was against the rules, etc. Of course they know it the moment your eye sees them; how quickly they stop; if they were doing right they would not stop; they know it as well as you do, and if you take their excuses they will only laugh about how nice they fooled the teacher, when they get out. Of course the younger scholars become tired in the afternoon and a teacher should favor them. I don't pay any attention to reports scholars bring from home and never make the least inquiry as to how the parents like the way the schools is going unless I am sure I know whom I am talking to. Unsatisfactory reports worry a teacher, but I always try not to give the person the satisfaction of knowing such things bother me. I tell them to come in the school and see for themselves. I have not visited among the parents any while I have been teaching. I see most of the parents Sundays. When I get through the day I am too tired to care about going around any. I have about half an hour Friday afternoon that I devote to drawing. Will some teacher be kind enough to give me their views as to what method is the best for teaching drawing. A. L.

Salina, Kan.

"As the Twig is Bent!"

"Olive's" letter was to me what "Jessamine's" was to her. "It roused me." She fears "Queen Dido's" anticipations will not be realized until women have more ideas outside of their domestic cares. I only differ with her in thinking that there is a lack of ideas in respect to a woman's household cares, or rather that her ideas are erroneous. I think there is a great deal in getting a right start at housekeeping and then strictly adhering to it. If woman would do a great work for woman kind, let her begin at once and in her own household. *Begin with your boys.* You think that a queer place to begin? Let me explain. Perhaps you have a large family of say eight or nine children, and (as is many times the case), seven boys and two girls—may be the girls the youngest. Any one with half that family, knows whist the mother of such a troop has to do. There is an old saying, that "man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done." Now, there is a very great deal of truth in this, but it is not necessary that it should be true. It is only on account of man's selfishness. Not that he is naturally so, more than woman, but that he has it taught from infancy up. That much abused person so often referred to, our mother-in-law, is to blame for our husbands' selfishness, and we, the mothers of to-day, and the mothers-in law of our future daughters-in-law, will be to blame for the selfishness of the coming men who will (not intentionally) cramp their narrow minds by denying them the time for self-improvement. You cannot see how this is? A mother of an ordinary sized family to do that which only a mother can attend to, will require almost all her time during the day, and then there are numberless things left to be done after the supper dishes are put away and baby asleep. Then the head that aches with the day's cares, and the limbs that are as tired as those of any male member of the family, sit down to an hour's mending or sewing. Now, if this must be done and no one but mother can mend or sew, why put your boys to washing the dishes, you husband to putting baby to sleep. If you have but one daughter, let her help you, and let all help till all is done. This utter helplessness of men and boys at housework is one of the greatest errors of the age. Long essays on the modern helplessness of girls are hashed up to us constantly, but who ever heard of such a preposterous idea as that of teaching a boy to sew or wash dishes? Nothing more reasonable, for almost every house has a sewing-machine, and we know that any man or boy with the ordinary amount of brains can learn to run a sewing machine. Then when there are rainy days, let the boys help you with your work, and if your work is so pushing as to need you evenings, never think of sitting down to do it alone, but all work until all is done. When your husband and sons come in from the fields, and dinner is not all ready, have them help you. Are they more tired than you, who have been on your feet since early dawn, besides being worried with your children and the many annoyances of housekeeping? They have only been following a plow around, and, with our modern machinery, have probably been riding, while you have rushed round a heated kitchen, over a hot wash-tub or ironing-table as fast as your flying feet and nimble hand could go. Insist upon all, both men and boys, helping at whatever is to do until all is done, then all sit down together. You have only to try this a little while till it will work like a charm, for your husband and children really love you and love your society. But they never have seen anything of you only as constantly at work until now; they sit and see you work hour after hour while they play, read, sing or frolic, never thinking how much more enjoyment there would be for all if mother could participate. With this plan a woman can have all her evenings, and how much information and enjoyment both she and all her family can gain by such an arrangement. I would say farther, if you have but one son and seven daughters, don't you ever allow your daughters to wait upon him at all, insist upon his helping as much as though he was the seventh son and only one daughter. Eradicate this selfishness in boyhood and you will not find it in manhood. I hope some of the readers of the Household will take this up and give us their ideas. It is a subject that deserves an interchange of ideas. There are two sides to all questions. Can some one find the other side to this? OBSERVER.

Fairmount, Kans.

"Many in One."

As to its being bold or unladylike to kiss a gentleman good-night, that depends altogether upon circumstances, the one you are to kiss as one of the circumstances.

We say, girls do as you have a mind to, and we will do the same, which is we don't intend to kiss another gentleman until *the one* comes along, and we presume he will like the kiss a great deal better when he knows no one else has the privilege.

We have often discussed kissing among ourselves, (that is the four chums of Union Lodge,) and firmly declare ourselves The Anti-kissing Association.

One of our gentlemen friends gives it as his opinion that no lady lowers herself in his estimation if she kisses, or allows herself to be kissed by one who has waited upon her a year or so; would think her prudish to refuse, etc.

We think the greater portion of gentlemen are decidedly opposed to promiscuous kissing.

If a lady wishes to retain the respect of all *true* gentlemen, she will appear in such a manner that they would not dare to offer such a breach of etiquette, no matter how much they might wish it.

Some gentlemen are naturally of an affectionate disposition, and when they sit down beside a lady, throw their arm around her, not thinking they are doing any harm (as none is meant), and if requested to do otherwise, would be offended, and style that girl as being decidedly prudish—distrustful of every one, or extremely old maidish, and would probably be disgusted with her.

We think the gentleman who would not marry the girl who asked him for a kiss, an old granny, and he must have had an immense amount of love for her, or he would not have given her up so easily. She may be glad she did not get him, for he would not be fit for any girl's husband—think he ought to have lived in the days when it was against the law for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and when the churches were built up high through the center (the men sitting on one side and women on the other) so that they could not see each other during service. We also think the girl very silly for saying what she did. There are probably just as many opinions as there are gentlemen. We could not consult our elder brothers as all our brothers happen to be younger than we are. US FOUR,

Ought to Know.

I see a great deal said pro and con. about the use of tobacco. I imagine I have had experience sufficient to give my views concerning either the detriment or benefit arising from the use of the weed. Am now in my sixty-eighth year, and commenced using the weed when I was but 17; and, with the exception of six years, have used it ever since,—the last 20 in such a way that had it fallen to my lot to have been thrown among cannibals, I think the taste of my flesh would have produced as much disgust as did one several years ago who fell among the Fijis: "Him too strong of 'baccy." For the last 20 years I have used it in its worst form. The use of four pounds a year, and the swallowing of all its juice, may well stagger the belief that such a thing could be possible; yet so it is. But I do believe it has either hurt or hampered my intellect; that it has in a measure destroyed my memory. That my ideas become much confused, that my nervous system is very badly shattered, I well know. All these I charge more or less to the use of tobacco. The only faculty I *do* retain, in almost its pristine vigor, is sight. These lines are written without artificial aid. As for the idea that the use of tobacco cannot be given up or dispensed with, it is fallacious. For 20 years I have chewed all the time—some of the time day and night; yet the last six months have not seen a particle in my mouth. How does that look in the face of "Cannot leave it off"? At the same time, I believe the use of tobacco to be a good antidote to corpulency; also, if any one uses the weed as I have for the last 20 years, it is utterly impossible for him to have the dyspepsia. SUBSCRIBER.

How to Make a Fly-brush.

F. W. Lewis' cure for a felon is splendid. I gave it to a young lady so afflicted, and she used it with perfect success, to her great relief.

Bill's letter had the ring of true metal in it. He is right when he says that whipping in school is not a necessity. I agree with him that parents should wield the birch if they deem it necessary, but teachers "hardly ever." But how does he manage that "stern, pleasant look," with which he calls his pupils to order? Now, I had the idea that a stern look was anything but pleasant.

Some one inquired about taking pimples off the face. I have a friend who was so afflicted, and after trying many remedies without relief, she bought a cake of Cuticura Soap which she saw advertised in the BLADE, and used it, and now her face is smooth and white, for it will remove freckles and tan as well as pimples.

And now if my letter is not too long, I will tell you how my sister and I made a fly-brush: Take a rod as long as you wish (ours is a parasol handle,) two newspapers as large as the BLADE—though tissue paper is better—and some melted glue; fold the paper lengthwise until the width is about four inches, begin at one end and cut it crosswise in very narrow strips, (the narrower the better) leaving about an inch at the top to glue on the rod, dip one end of the paper in the glue and paste it to the top of the rod, letting the strips hang downward from the rod, fold the strips round and round the rod allowing it to lap three-fourths and dampen each round with glue, tie a little bow of ribbon where you leave off and the thing is complete. LIZZIE WHICKER.

Stillesville, Ind.

Why Did'nt He Stay with Her.

What is our Household Department getting to be? All of the *miserable men* coming in, to talk about those poor women, whom in days gone by, were such *lovely girls*, and whom they took before God, to love and cherish, until death them did part. In the BLADE of June 26, I noticed a stranger, who had taken the BLADE *but three months*, coming for advice, he wanted a wife just like his mother. The idea, did he suppose there were any two alike? And if he was so very particular why didn't he *stay with* his mother. He certainly was in a hurry to get married, to marry a girl with only two hours acquaintance, he ought to have got even a worse wife than he did. In reading over his sayings, I don't believe he is very much of a man to be happy with, and perhaps his wife has nothing to encourage her to be neat, and a cross husband does no one any good; but a cheerful face, a loving word from them does much good at times, when the clouds hang so dark above. He even asserts his intention of investing in another ticket, and if spurious, still another. If he can't live with the present wife, why live with any. I find that home is just what we make it, and why not guard our conversation so as to give the most pleasure.

I waited three long years for my companion, and would have waited ten more if it had been necessary. I have one to be proud of. There is no use in being in a hurry.

What has become our friend, Mrs. A. Jaquin. Is she a reader of the BLADE yet? I wish she would write to me again. I have forgotten her address.

Fort Collins, Col. LEO, Box 80.

A Home Thrust.

W. asks whether it is best to keep flannel on her children all summer. I, for one, think it a most excellent plan, especially so where ague is prevalent, as she says it is where she lives. Of course lighter flannel can be worn in Summer, than in Winter, and the long sleeves may as well be dispensed with.

I agree with Ned on the question of the propriety or impropriety rather, of promiscuous kissing, but I would like to ask that "gentleman acquaintance," how about his own self-respect in asking a lady for a kiss, when by granting it, he knew she would forfeit his good opinion of her. I think he should bear a part of the blame at least. Should not a gentleman show the same courtesy when in the society of his lady friends, as he would wish others to show his own sisters?

It seems "those wives" have a story to tell. There are usually two sides to a story. "Didn't leave them any wood cut," that is enough to arouse any woman's sympathy. I wonder if it is really all a hoax, and the same brain conjured up the whole mournful story. I hope so really, for a home as wretched as such an one would be, is sad to think about.

"Farmer Boy," go in good society or none, and observe closely the deportment of those versed in points of etiquette. Perhaps the hardest thing to do is to forget self. I read an article to-day on courtesy. It claims "the highest and loveliest style of courtesy to be wrapped up in one golden phrase. "In honor preferring one another." If you do make mistakes, and find yourself sadly embarrassed many times, don't be discouraged, others have passed through the same trials.

I would like to ask where slips of the Tom Thumb geranium and the artillery plant could be obtained. MARY.

A Man's View of It.

I have used tobacco ever since I was a boy, having learned to use it, as boys generally do, and by the time I was of age, I became ashamed of myself, and resolved to quit, but that was easier taought of than done, and had resolution enough to abstain from its use for over a year, but during that time I had a continual craving for it, and finally gave up, and have ever since used it. I am now of middle age, and do not think my brain has become softened as Naomi says it will be. Neither do I use strong drink. I must say that I find few men that use it as I do. I use the best fine cut, but do not grind it as some do to excite the salivary glands and so do not expectorate any more than if I did not use the weed at all. Five cents a week is all that it costs me now, but when I chewed the ordinary way, it usually cost me 50c per week. My wife, while living, like Dinah, often bought me tobacco, and was careful to have me supplied with it, but I never disgusted her with its use.

I often wonder why the Virginia creeper, which is sometimes called American ivy or woodbine, is not more sought for and trained to cover arbors, porches or old buildings. We have more of them here than we know what to do with, and just now they are in full bloom, and some of the prettiest sights I ever saw are fences and trees covered with it. The flower is about three inches long and resembles in color the tiger lily; the leaf is quinquefolia, and as a climber it cannot be excelled, as, I am told, it will climb a wall of polished marble.

FRANK ARNOLD.

Vincennes, Ind.

Sound Sense!

The subject of kissing has been so fully and ably discussed in the Household that further words may seem superfluous. But too much can hardly be said on any subject connected with the proper conduct of girls, when freedom of manner in American girls is the subject of discussion and condemnation, both in this country and Europe. I believe in freedom, and cannot see any good likely to arise from prudishness or false modesty; but I think there is a wide difference between stiffness and formality on the one hand, and that dignified womanly reserve that is a girl's best safeguard—far better than all the surveillance to which she is subjected in other countries.

Without taking for granted that the young lady whose improper conduct nipped affections in the bud, really lost anything, or advising girls to be guided solely by the opinion of men in their behavior, we may be sure that all pure, true men, whatever they may say, really respect and admire the women with whom they would not dare take the liberty of a single familiar advance.

Let us, one and all, prove by our own conduct that American girls are worthy of the freedom they enjoy and possess within themselves that which will effectually guard their purity. VIOLET.

To Pansy.

Please let me speak a few words to our sorrowing sister Pansy. When I read the touching account of your brother's sickness and death, how it touched my heart for you, for with what freshness did it bring to me the death of my own loved brother who died a few years ago, and the tears rolled afresh at the thought of that loved one. We were the youngest of the family, and all that were left at home, he was younger than I. We played together, went to school together, and I think with a sigh of those childish happy days, and of a few years of brightness shared together after childhood was gone. He was in his 21st year when he died. He was always rather slender. Oh how hard it was to give him up to God only knows, and for a long, long time after he died, when about my work it would seem to me as though he were hovering near me. I feel as though it was one of God's ways of comforting me, and oh how sadly I needed it, for at times it would seem as though I would go frantic. It was not right for me to feel so. God doeth all things well, and I feel that it is well with my brother. You have my heartfelt sympathy and may God comfort you in his own dear way. OLLY.

Strawberries for Profit.

You can buy 10 or 15 acres of land, or less near a large village or city, and cultivate strawberries for sale. Half an acre ought to produce 3,000 quarts if well cultivated, providing it is good, rich land and well adapted to that kind of fruit. If you can get six cents or more a quart you are making a nice profit. We have a quarter of an acre which yielded 1,537 quarts, or 48 bushels. I sold for 14 down to 4 cents per quart. This is a great strawberry section. Now if Cappie wishes to know more particulars about the business, write me and I will gladly give her any further information.

C. S. CHANDLER.

Granby Center, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Exchanges Wanted.

I would like to correct my name which should be printed.—ANNIE E. RANKIN, Plymouth, N. C.

I would like to exchange the Ladies' Repository for 1872-75-76 for either Scribner or Harper of '78.—MRS. R. H CRANE, Orleans, Neb.

I have to exchange a copy of "Ines," Mrs. Augusta J. Evans' work, for some book of science or literature.—H. E. RYAN, Williamsville, Ill.

Can some one send slips of geraniums or begonias? If so, send terms and I will pay or exchange anything I have.—L. BISHOP, Box 355, Decatur, Ill.

Any one wishing patterns of infant's wardrobe who will send me stamps, or worsted or calico pieces, will be accommodated.—MRS. M. J. UNDERHILL, South Wales, N. Y.

I wish to exchange Guizot's History of Civilization for a scientific work, also a globe microscope and seven objects for good reading matter.—JAMES H. PRICE, Maxville, Perry Co., Ohio.

I have a lot of select stories, also zoological specimens and collections for a cabinet, to exchange for some good books or specimens of any kind.—SYLVA HOWARD, Jurett, Wilson Co., Kans.

I have a good story book, also Anderson's History of the United States, either of which I will exchange for a second hand German-English grammar.—A. M. FOREMAN, Randolph, Kans.

I want two mats, one for a student lamp and one for a "Peep O'Day Clock." Will furnish material; want them light and fluffy, and will give in return some reading matter.—KATE WESLEY, Cairo, Ill.

I have an Indian war-axe, arrow heads, buckskin tanner, petrified wood and shells which I wish to exchange for Harper's Magazine for 1878. Will pay postage on mine; sender do the same.—CHAS. SCHOOLEY, Hawleyville, Ia.

I have some glossy black natural curls suitable for frizzetts, finger puffs or long curls. Will exchange for a braid of black hair, with some gray in it of equal value. Please address MRS. E. S. WATKINS, Covington, Fountain County, Ind.

Will some one exchange "Mildred," "Hugh Worthington," "Cousin Maud," (or any other equally good books,) for "The Virginians" "Phemie's Temptation" "Pink and White Tyranny," or "Lord Killgobbin."—INEZ JOSE, Larned Kan.

I have a new Ladies' Guide to Needle-Work to exchange for perfect copies of February, March, April, May and June, 1879, of Peterson's. Will also exchange for four or five numbers (perfect) of Dick's Magazine.—M. LAMBORN, Neosho Falls, Kansas.

I have books of fiction and travel to exchange for similar books or for old United States coins in fine condition, also foreign and other coins for old United States cents and half cents, Confederate money, alligator teeth or other curiosities. —Box 23, McGowanville, N. Y.

Has any one a book entitled "Robert Dawson, or the Brave Spirit," which he would exchange for any other book? If so, write and state the condition of the book, also what book is desired in exchange. Would like to correspond with parties in some of the New England States.—W. J. EDWARDS, Willshire, O.

I want gray hair to make a switch, either combings or straight hair, it must not be less than 12 inches long, and about one-half gray the rest a dark brown. I will do any kind of hair work, (switches, jewelry or flowers,) in exchange for this and also for good books, geological specimens or sea shells.—M. F. F., Earl, Ill.

I have one year of Peterson's Magazine, "Quits," a number of the New York *Weeklies*, *Ledgers*, "Cricket on the Hearth, and others. Will pay postage on all I send, if others will do the same. Any one that will exchange send list of reading on postal card.—MRS. M. MCGILL, West Alexander, Washington Co., Pa.

I have strawberry plants, "The Monarch of the West," to exchange for a fancy-leaved Caladium, crocus or oxalia bulbs. Any one having those bulbs to exchange and do not want the strawberry plants, I can give some pot plants. I have a good guitar that I would exchange for a No. 1 revolver (to shoot tramps with) or a watch that will keep good time.—MRS. F. R. POOLE, Box 45, Fortville, Ind.

I have "Hooker's First Book in Chemistry," cloth, new; also "Hooker's Child's Book of Nature," half leather, and 100 numbers of "The Youth's Companion," which I would exchange for a Chemistry, (Steele's, Hooker's or Roscoe's); Philosophy, (Steele's, Hooker's or Quackenbos's); or Astronomy, (Steele's or Hooker's); or other books of like nature. I will pay postage one way.—FRANK LUCE, Madison Center, Me.

I will exchange bound books for "Bleak House," "Little Dorritt," "Pickwick Papers," almost any of Dickens' or George Elliott's works, except "D. Deronda" or "Middlemarch," or any of Mrs. Whitney's works, with the exception of "The Girls." Please send and state terms and what works you have of above authors, giving address plainly.—MRS. L. CROY, Ontario, Ind.

I have a number of music books to exchange for the "Anthem Choir," by Ogden—many new and all in good condition. I have a number of Sunday-school music books to exchange for second-hand copies of "Royal Diadem," by Loweris & Doane, or "Dew Drops," and a number of school and other books that I will exchange for Indian darts or implements or other works. I will guarantee a satisfactory exchange. Address, LOCK BOX K, New Lisbon, O.

I have a great many pieces of calico suitable for quilts that I wish to exchange. Also some Kenilworth ivy seed, a very pretty basket vine. Would like a lot of patterns and designs for most anything in the line of fancy work. Will exchange for anything but patterns or flowers; of both I have a full supply. Ladies sending for calico pieces will please send a paper the size of the pieces wanted, so I will know what to send.—"STORM," box 1,378, Joliet, Ill.

Will some one exchange the "Detective and the Somnambulist" by Pinkerton for one by the same author entitled "The Expressman and the Detective," each pay postage. I would like to exchange the Star Spangled Banner, for 1879 for some other story paper for the same year; also the BLADE for three months commencing on the fourth of March last, for a story paper, weekly.—Address R. E. S, Trivoli, Ellsworth, Co., Kan.,

I have sent patterns of picture frames to all but Mrs. Douglas, of Westfield. She sent money in the letter in place of stamp and it cost double postage. Also Maggie Bersus, of Rising Sun, Iowa, to stamp on her letter. I had to send to the dead letter office for it, that cost me six cents. They can have patterns or frames by sending postage. I will continue my offer to make switches of cut hair or combings at 25 cents an ounce, puffs, 10 cents a piece, in exchange for nice sea shells. I have received some beautiful shells, thanks to the ladies that sent them.—MRS. R. SHARRA, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

As my letter was published too late to send seeds to all who want them, I would say I will let you have them in the Autumn; remember, "first come, first served." But I have a few plants yet for whoever wants them, verbenas, bridal wreath, syringa, roses, lillum, etc.; would like good reading matter; I do not want any more flowers; I will exchange reading matter in cheap form, (as the Seaside Library); I have "Bread and Cheese and Kisses" and a volume of Peterson's Magazine, with all the reading matter intact; will exchange for Cooper's "Miles Wallingford," the scene of the novel is not a mile from here, and we get all our corn ground at Clawhorney.—A. W. HOFFMAN, Whiteport, N. Y.

Can you send me the song, "Darling I Am Growing Old?" If W. J. W. will send his address and a three cent stamp to M. A. Phinney, I can send him the words to "Evalena." I have a number of magazines (mostly Arthur's) to exchange for magazines, books, or almost any good reading matter. Would like Arthur's Magazine for 1879. Has any one "Uncle Tom's Cabin" they will loan or exchange? I have some good patterns I would like to exchange for a double dwarf chrysanthemum, any color, or some tubers of the madeira vine. If Anne E. Ranking will send some of her mosses, burs and worsted scraps, I can send in return fancy work, flower seeds, or good reading matter, and if Lottie S. Lisens will send some of her sea shells and curiosities, and say what she wants, I will send it in return.—MRS. M. A. PHINNEY, Olivet, Kas.

I have about 2,000 charm pieces already cut out, no two alike. They are of the "honey comb" shape. I will exchange these for stereoscopic views (transparencies preferred), or for very nice specimens, such as fossils, minerals, moss agates, quartz, sea shells, corals, petrified woods, &c., &c. My "charm pieces" are very nice; for many of them I bought a quarter of a yard of cambric and just cut one charm piece from it, but I am not able to piece it, so offer it in packages of 50, 100, 500 or 1,000. Please label every specimen sent to me, or number them and send descriptive list, as a specimen would lose its value, in my eyes, if I did not know what it was, nor where it came from. I have a quantity of very hardy flower seeds, called Golden Calceopsis and Joseph's cup or shell flower. They are just the kind to sow in September for early flowers next year, (mine being in bloom now). If any one would prefer the seeds, I will exchange as above stated for specimens.—JANE E. WELLS, Monroe, Wis.

"Observer" has sprung a question of far more interest and importance to women, old and young, than "kissing the steps," making quilts with 100,000 blocks in them, tobacco, or corporal punishment? possibly, more than Woman's Rights—since woman's wrongs are most often caused by the very ones who love her most,—who put burdens on her slender shoulders far too great for her feebler strength, yet never guess that they *are* burdens; who see her develop and sink into a mere machine for domestic duties, grinding out so much courtin work from year to year, till some sad day the machinery gives out; and just as her boys are entering manhood, just as her girls are budding into womanhood and an appreciation *at last* of "Mother," she enters into a rest and quiet unbroken. And it is the mother herself, who is responsible for this, and who not only shortens her own life needlessly, but builds up just such a weary, over-tasked life for the woman to come. This heedlessness, or selfishness, as "Observer" calls it, is as unintentional and innocent on the part of most men and boys as that of the babe that drains its mother's strength, and robs her cheek of its roundness and roses. The difference lies in the fact that one is entirely unnecessary.

And now let us say that the Household has devoted as much time and space to the subject of tobacco, Unhappy Home, and Cappie (as individuals) kissing, woman's rights and temperance, as seems desirable for a time at least. Give us a rest, friends, and talk of something else. It may be well to say that there have been received more than a hundred copies of the poem "The Drunkard's Daughter," asked for by "Subscriber" a few weeks ago. It is absolutely dangerous to ask a question or promise to do anything in this Household unless one is prepared for a deluge. The editorial umbrella is *almost* swamped sometimes.—[ED. HOUSEHOLD.

In our advertising columns this week Miss Minnie LaSeur makes an announcement of interest to lady readers.

TAKING THE RISK.

How Jay Cooke Stayed Up the Nation's Credit When Lincoln Fell.

It was Saturday morning, April 15, 1865, that Jay Cooke was sitting in a car going from his residence to his downtown office in Philadelphia. A telegram was handed to him, and it announced the assassination of Pres. Lincoln on the night before at Ford's theater. Mr. Cooke read it, and then handed it to me without saying a word. He remained in silent thought until he left the car. The situation was a grave one, and Jay Cooke appreciated the disastrous effect the news would probably have upon the credit of the Government. He had charge of the sales of its securities, and they must be maintained at any cost to him. No one knew how extensive was this conspiracy against the life of the Nation as yet, and the country would hardly recover from the shock of the dreadful intelligence for some days. Mr. Cooke's resolution was soon taken. In those days telegraph offices were not so numerous as now, and he went some distance to find one. The nearest one was at the New York depot, and from there he telegraphed his agents at New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and other points over this country and to London to advance the price of government bonds, which were quoted at a little below par, a half cent above the quotations of the day before. He then went to his office, and after advising with those interested with him, he telegraphed the Secretary of the Treasury informing him what he had done, and asked that the Government take action upon the market. He received no answer, but in the afternoon he telegraphed his agents to advance the price of bonds a quarter of a cent more. In the evening he received a telegram from Washington saying that everything was in confusion and the Cabinet could not be gotten together. On Saturday and Monday morning there was a general shaky feeling among speculators, and large amounts of bonds were offered for sale at the subscription agencies. These were bought in promptly by Mr. Cooke until he had purchased between 17 and 20 millions of bonds. On Monday business was generally suspended, and the banks and stock markets were closed. In the morning Mr. Cooke telegraphed his agents to make another advance of half a cent. He also telegraphed his brother, Henry D. Cooke, at Washington, D. C., to get a guarantee of support from the Government. Later in the day a dispatch from the Secretary of the Treasury informed him that he would be fully supported in his operations. On Tuesday the sales of 7-30s amounted to $2,701,300, and they steadily increased at prices at or a little below par. As soon as men saw that Jay Cooke was taking all that was offered and that prices were firm and advancing, courage returned, and the sales and prices of bonds were maintained. I remarked to Mr. Cooke that he had been taking a great risk, and he gently replied that if the price of bonds was not sustained they would be returned from Europe in such quantities as to completely overwhelm the Nation, and if it could not sustain itself and was broken down, it mattered little what became of his property. But as it turned out, no bonds came back from Europe, and the impetus given them by his course run the quotations up higher than they had been before the death of President Lincoln.

Grew the Wood for His Coffin.

From the Wheeling (W. Va.) Register, Aug. 6.

A remarkably story is told of the late Capt. Stone, of Moundville, who was buried at the beginning of this week. Thirty-five years ago he came from New Orleans to Moundsville to make his home, and brought with him two seeds of a mahogany-like tree that flourished near his former home. These he planted, remarking to his family that he would have his coffin made from the tree. One of the seeds died, but the other flourished and grew. From a shoot it became a sapling, and finally, in the course of 30 years, grew to a fine tree. About eight months ago a severe wind storm passed over Moundsville, and Capt. Stone found his tree laid prostrate. He had it dried, sawed into lumber, and sent to a Pittsburg firm. In a short time it was returned to him in the form of a beautiful coffin, and for four months it was preserved in his residence. About two weeks ago he contracted a sickness that culminated in his death, and his desire being fulfilled, he was laid away in the coffin he planted 35 years ago.

The Man of the Avalanche.

Meridan Mercury.

All but one of the Memphis *Avalanche* staff have left for healthier localities, and that paper is now gotten out by Major Fred. Nicholas, "The Old Man," who edited, set type, and printed the paper all through last year's epidemic.

Our Young Folks.

A POOR LITTLE MOTHER.

Once a little lady dressed in black and red
Tucked her little children safely in their bed.
A green leaf curling over was all the roof they had,
But the softly singing breezes and the sunshine made them glad.

Off flew the little mother through the pleasant Summer air;
She never thought of danger, nor felt a single care.
A grassy glade, a hill top, and then a field of clover
This little dame in black and red went flying gayly over.

But in a pretty garden where grew a red, red rose,
The little lady lighted to nestle and repose;
As soft as fairy velvet, and oh, so red and sweet
the fragrant leaves around her and underneath her feet.

Out tripped a merry maiden along the garden gay,
He[illegible] red rose to gather, to the little dame's dismay.
She drowsily came creeping from out sweet rose leaf land,
And stood a moment thinking on the merry maiden's hand.

The little maid laughed softly, she was so full of glee,
Held up her dimpled finger, and clear and loud called she:
"*Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home,*
Your house is on fire and your children will burn."
Off flew that little mother in terror wild and dread
Across the hill and grassy glade and field of clover red.

Her little wings were aching, her anxious spirit drooped,
When at the tiny portal in breathless fear she stooped—
There lay her little children all snugly tucked in bed,
Yes, safe and sound, and sleeping, with the green leaf overhead!

—*Mary L. Bolles Branch; St. Nicholas.*

ASHENPUTTEL.

Translated from the German for the American Cultivator.

The story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" is too well known to the reader to require repetition in our pages. But the Germans have a way of telling it, under the name of "Ashenputtel," which varies somewhat from ours—which is nearest the truth, we know not—and perhaps our readers may like to know the German version.

A certain rich man's wife was sick; and as she felt her end approaching she called the little girl, her only daughter, to her bedside, and said:

"My dear child, be always good and kind, and the good God will always help you, and I will look down from heaven and be near you."

Having said this, she shut her eyes and died. The little girl went every day to her mother's grave, and cried, and continued kind and good. The snow spread a white covering over the grave, and when the sun melted it away the man took another wife.

The new mother brought with her into the family two daughters who were fair and pretty of countenance, but foul and ugly of heart. Then came a hard time for the poor step-daughter.

"What business has the creature in the parlor?" said the mother. "Those that would eat must work. Go and stay with the kitchen maid."

They took away her nice clothes, put on her an old gray frock, made sport of her and drove her into the kitchen. There she had to do hard work, get up before day, bring water, make the fires, cook and wash. Moreover, the sisters would annoy her all sorts of ways, make game of her, and throw her peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had to sit and pick them out.

At night, when she was tired with work, there was no bed for her to lie down on, but she must sleep on the hearth in the ashes; and when they saw her smutty and dirty, in consequence, they called her Ashenputtel.

One day the father was to go to the fair, and he asked his two step-daughters what he should bring them home.

"Fine clothes," said one.

"Pearls and diamonds," said the other.

"But you, Ashenputtel," said he, "what will you have?"

"Father, the first branch that strikes you upon the hat, as you ride towards home, bring me that."

He bought for the two stepsisters fine clothes, pearls and diamonds; and on his way home, as he rode through a green lane, a hazel twig struck him on the head, and knocked his hat off. He broke off the twig and brought it with him.

When he arrived at home he gave to the stepsisters what they had requested of him, and to Ashenputtel he gave the twig of the hazel bush. Ashenputtel thanked him, and went to her mother's grave and planted the hazel twig on it, and cried, so that the twig was wet with her tears. It grew fast and became a fine tree. Ashenputtel went every day—three times a day—to visit it, and cried and prayed; and every time there came a little bird to the tree, and the bird threw her down whatever she wished.

It so happened that the king was to make a feast that was to last three days, and to which all the pretty young women in the country were to be invited, that his son might choose a bride. The two half-sisters, when they heard that they were to go, were in high spirits, called Ashenputtel, and said: "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, fix our buckles; we are going to the ball at the king's castle." Ashenputtel heard them talk about it, and could not help crying, she wanted so much to go with them to the ball; and she asked her step-mother to give her permission:

"*You*, Ashenputtel, full of dirt and smut!" said she; "*you* want to go to the ball, and have got no dress! *you* want to dance and have got no shoes!"

When she kept asking her, she said at last, "There, I have thrown a bowl of peas into the ashes, and if you pick out the peas in two hours, you may go with us."

The little girl went out of the back door into the garden, and said: "Come pigeons, come turtle doves, and all the birds of the air, come and help me pick.

"Put the good ones in the tray,
And the rest you may have for your pay."

Then came flying through the kitchen window two white pigeons and then the turtle doves, and at last all the birds in the air came whirring and swarming in, and lighted down among the ashes. And the pigeons bobbed their little heads up and down, and went pick, pick, pick, pick; and the other birds did the same with their pick, pick, pick, pick, and soon put all the good peas into the tray. Before one hour was passed they had finished the whole, and all flew away.

So the little girl brought the tray to her step-mother, pleased and full of hope that now she might be permitted to go to the ball. But she said:

"No, Ashenputtel, you can't go with us; you have got no dress, and can't dance."

When she began to cry, her mother said: "If you can pick me two bowls of peas out of the ashes in an hour you may go with us;" for she thought with herself—"That she will never do."

So she threw two bowlfuls of peas in the ashes. But the little girl went out of the back door into the garden, and said—

"Come pigeons, come turtle doves, and all the birds of the air, come and help me pick

"The good ones in the tray,
And the rest for your pay."

Then came flying through the kitchen window two white pigeons, and then the turtle doves, and at last all the birds in the air came whirring and swarming in, and lighted down among the ashes. And the pigeons bobbed their little heads up and went pick, pick, pick, pick; and the other birds did the same with their pick, pick, pick, pick, and soon put all the good peas into the tray. And before a half hour was past they had finished the whole, and all flew away. So the little girl brought the tray to her step mother, pleased, and full of hope that now she might be permitted to go to the ball. But she said: "There is no help for it, you cannot go; for you have no dress, and cannot dance, and we cannot have you disgrace us." So she turned her back upon her, and went off, taking her two proud daughters with her.

When there was no one left in the house, Ashenputtel went to her mother's grave, and stood under the hazle tree, and said:

"Little tree, rustle thee,
Shed gold and silver over me."

Then the bird threw her down a golden and a silver dress, and a pair of slippers, worked with silk and silver. So she put the dress on and went to the ball. Her sisters and step-mother did not know her, and thought she must surely be some foreign king's daughter. So splendidly did she look in her golden dress. Of Ashenputtel they never once thought, but supposed she was at home, asleep in the ashes. The king's son came up to her, took her by the hand and danced with her. He would not dance with any one else, and did not let go her hand; and when any one approached to lead her out he said: "This is *my* partner."

She danced till it grew late, and she wished to go home. The King's son said: "I will wait upon you home," for he wanted to see where the beautiful maiden belonged. But she darted away from him, and sprang into the pigeon-house. So he waited till her father came and said to him that the strange maiden had jumped into the pigeon house. Then thought he—"Can it be Ashenputtel?" And they had axes and hatches brought, and split the pigeon house in two; but there was no one therein. And when they got got home, there lay Ashenputtel in her scoty clothes, in the ashes, and a dim lamp was burning in the chimney corner—for Ashenputtel sprung quickly out of the back of the pigeon-house, ran to the hazel tree, where she took off her fine clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird carried them away; and she put on her old gray frock, and lay down on the kitchen hearth.

The second day it happened pretty much in the same way. She danced with the king's son all the time; and when he wanted to see her home, she slipped away from him, and got home as before, without any one seeing her.

The third day, when the parents and sisters had gone,

Our Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

THE CIDER MILL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine a valley lies.

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.

Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;

Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh! better than words can tell,
Its every rock and grove and dell;

But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider mill.

Above the clear springs gurgle out,
And the upper meadows wind about;

Then join, and under willows flow
Round knolls where blue-beech whip-stocks grow;

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sweet 20 feet the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls.

Spatters the knobby boulders gray,
And, laughing, lies in the shade away.

Under great rocks, through trout pools still,
With many a tumble down to the mill.

All the way down the nut trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the Fall through the hazy air;

And burrs roll down with curled up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eyes.

Forever there the still, old trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no less.

By the roadside stands the cider mill,
Where a low and clustered waits the rill;

A great brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry;

And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;

And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures in on the floor;

Down through the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider press below.

And the screws are turned by slow degrees
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;

And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam.

An amber stream the gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip;

But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys
Were fondlese to real New England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt,

As fresh electric along a straw,
When bright lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discords life's sweet music drowns;

But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ears at intervals;

And I lead at times in a sad, sweet dream,
To the cuddling of that little stream;

And I sit in a widowed autumn still
In the sunny door of the cider mill.

Foreign Hop Plantations.

English hop planters fear the competition of the Americans more than that of the Germans. From accounts since the last crop was gathered, it appears as if planters were getting sick of the profitless business of hop growing.

Of the prospects of the coming yield, reports speak unfavorably. Dry weather and neglect with regard to tillage and dressing, have caused the bine to be most uneven, so that in some sections the planters do not remember to have seen the yards look so poorly at this season of the year as they do at the present time. "The planters," according to the Waterville *Times*, "do not feel warranted in making the usual outlay in the culture of the crop, and without which, even though the season is favorable, nothing like a full return can be secured." It may be consolatory to the depressed English planters to learn that their transatlantic cousins are equally vexed in their minds, and to be assured that there will be a general grubbing of hop plants in America if they have another bad year.

In Germany, Austria, France and Belgium there has been little or no reduction in the quantity of hop land. The long continuance of frost and the wet weather during the spring prevented the planters from cultivating their land so well as usual. As in England, the bine on the continent is at least a fortnight late, and has only just been got up to the poles.

From nearly all parts of Germany and the Austrian hop growing districts there are reports of a visitation of aphides alarming to the planters.

In Tasmania the hop crop of 1879, picked in March, is under an average in respect of quantity. The planters now are suffering from low prices and general depression common in all parts of the world.—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

In relation to hop growers in the United States, we could remind our valued English contemporary that we have much territory, and while untoward seasons, the visitation of aphides and slack cultivation of those who always rush into anything that promises to pay, and rush out again as precipitately, may cause large fluctuations in any given crop, yet the cultivation of hops will always be a prominent and increasing industry from the fact that, in our country, with its diversity of soil and climate, there is found so many localities eminently adapted to the growing of all crops from cane sugar, rice and cotton, all through the category, to the cereal grains.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The Cultivation of Beans.

A letter received to-day asking some questions about the cultivation of beans, calls my attention to the subject as a seasonable one on which to write. I have grown a few acres each year for some years, with variable success, and my experience may be of benefit to others. If it was not for the risk of bad weather at or near gathering time, I should esteem beans a valuable crop, but if a small per cent. of them are stained and blackened, it makes them unmerchantable, unless hand-picked, which is a slow and expensive process. We have just finished picking over our crop of last year, and it cost so much that we do not realize over a dollar a bushel, net, for them. I have tried the plan—practiced in some of the large bean-growing regions—of drilling close and not cultivating, and I find there is too much risk about it. If the weather is favorable for the first month after planting, and your land comparatively clean, a good crop may be grown at small expense in this way, but a heavy rain soon after planting will pack the soil and start a crop of weeds which will choke the crop. I like the wheat drill to sow with, as it puts them in regularly and rapidly, but I use every third drill so as to have them wide enough to cultivate. Cultivation should begin as soon as they are fairly up, and two workings will be sufficient usually, as the beans will soon cover the ground so that the weeds cannot grow. I find the first week in June the best time to plant, although a little earlier or later will answer. I planted the 28th of June last year where I had cut wheat two days before, and it was the best crop I had. Where it is the intention to sow wheat after clover, a crop of clover may be cut for hay, and the stubble plowed and put in beans, which will ripen before it is time to sow wheat, and the land will be in better condition for the wheat crop than it would be if allowed to lie fallow. My neighbor and myself have sowed more or less wheat on bean land each year for four years, with gratifying success.

After trying several varieties I shall come back to the "Navy," as in the long run the most profitable. They outsell all others in the market, and will yield about as well. Although others tell of larger yields, I find from 12 to 16 bushels per acre as much as I can grow, and I have raised 10 bushels to the acre on land that would hardly pay for putting in corn or wheat. Pull the beans as soon as they will do. It is not best to wait for them to become dry, as they will shell and waste, and are not so easily handled. If you have plenty of bean room, they may be put away with a single day's sun. We thresh altogether by tramping with horses; all that is necessary is to keep the barn floor well covered, so that the horses will not split the beans, and when they are perfectly dry they can be threshed easily and rapidly. Great care should be taken while they are in the barn not to get oats or wheat among them, as it is difficult to separate. Every farmer who grows beans should buy a large sieve, with meshes not quite large enough to let the beans through, as with it, shrunken beans, oats or wheat grains can be taken out. If beans are not marketed at once I would advise keeping them in sacks, as they are less liable to get dirty than if in barrels or boxes.—*Ow. Ohio Farmer.*

Selling Farm Produce.

Every season we are in receipt of complaints from our readers concerning the returns from the sales of farm produce in our City markets. Many disappointments have arisen through consigning goods to irresponsible and incompetent commission merchants, or rather to adventurers without capital or experience, who offer exceptional advantages and promise improbable prices. Let every farmer beware of the produce dealer who issues circulars soliciting consignments, and guaranteeing to sell any special line of goods at an advance on the market quotations. Responsible, competent and trustworthy dealers may always be found who will deal fairly and honestly with consignments, securing market prices for first class goods.

The average farmer and gardener spends too little care and labor in the proper selection, packing and forwarding his produce for sale in our metropolitan markets. Clean and attractive packages, uniform and regular selections, have much to do with the ready sale of fruits and vegetables, butter and cheese, at remunerative prices. Yet still another important requisite in the sale of farm produce is too often overlooked by the careless producer. It is that of marketing choice articles and inferior specimens in the choice articles and inferior specimens in tde same package or in the same invoice. There may be no fraud attempted in sending a dozen tubs of low grade butter in connection with three times that number containing a choice article, but in five cases out of six the whole lot will be sold as inferior, because a portion of it proves so. Again in shipping a lot of apples or potatos to market, a sagacious man would make at least two grades of each, and if he decided to forward the small and inferior specimens, rather than to feed them to his animals at home, would pack each grade separately and mark his packages to correspond.

Producers are apt to fancy that unassorted goods will sell as well in market as those upon which much time has been spent at the farm, asserting that receivers may sort to suit themselves, but a visit to the bustling, active centers of trade would soon convince our rural friends that the time and place to make the selections is at the farm house, the orchard or the market garden. It may be accepted as a general rule, that most packages of farm produce are sold in accordance with the valuation of the poorest specimens contained therein, thus oftentimes sacrificing the superior excellence of the bulk of the goods. In many instances within the range of our observation the farmer who selected out and fed to his farm stock 10 per cent. of his fruit or vegetable crop, including the unmarketable portion, has received far more for that superior part of his crop which was marketed than his brother farmer who shipped a much larger quantity of unassorted produce, even though the average quality of the latter was higher than that of the former. Farmers should weigh well the fact that upon judicious marketing, as much as careful cultivation, depends the net profits of their broad acres.—*Am. Cultivator.*

Sowing Winter Wheat.

There will undoubtedly be a large area of wheat sown this Fall. It is foreshadowed by letters we are constantly receiving, and patent from the fact that the full crops of last year, and especially the extraordinary yield both in quantity and quality of this season's crop will set many farmers "agog" on wheat sowing. We do not advise farmers to rush headlong into wheat. While it is an undoubted fact that Europe will require year by year large drafts of wheat from the United States, yet we may not expect that succeeding years will show successive failures there nor extraordinary yields here. That the present crop, large as it is, will be taken at good prices there is no doubt; the wheat-producing countries have not given anything like their normal yield, and in some of them the shortage has become a very serious matter. Yet succeeding good weather may very materially influence the state of the crops in England and France, our two greatest buyers.

What we set out to say was this. No person can expect to succeed year by year in getting large or even fair crops of wheat by slack cultivation, and especially where the crop is sown wheat after wheat, except in those localities where the soil is not only virgin but especially adapted to the crop. A great deal has been said first and last as to the depth at which to sow wheat. Experiments have shown that upon ordinarily compact soil and moist, wheat germinates most promptly and produces the strongest plant when sown at a depth not exceeding one inch, from the once up to six inches it came more and more feebly. So experiments would seem to show that very early sowings were not productive of good results, and many incidents are cited where wheat sown in October had produced better crops than that sown in September. In the prairie region, however, and especially upon light and fluffy soil, wheat sown in early September at a depth of two and one half to three inches, drilled, have as a rule given the best results. In fact well north it may profitably be sown the last of August upon such soils. On soils reclaimed from timbered districts and on stiff clays, the grain should not be covered more than one inch deep, and the sowing may be delayed until the middle of September or even later if the fly is feared. Upon all soils liable to leave in Winter the grain should be sown early and deep.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Destruction of Insects.

About this time of the year fruit growers are often troubled with certain insects, which are very annoying to the real orchardists. There is the slug on the pear-tree, the tent-caterpillar on the apple, and the rose-bug on the cherey, all of which will skeletonize a tree in short order. For years past there have been published various receipts for destroying them. Some advocate liquids or washes, some fire, and some smoke. But unless the trees are very large, there seems to be no way so good as hand-picking. The tent caterpillar, even in large trees, can be so readily got at by a pair of pole shears, cutting away the entire young branch on which the vermin are feeding, that anyone who wants a cheaper or easier plan should beseech Jove to kill them by lightning strokes. The rose-bug also can readily be shaken from trees. Where they attack trees of even tolerable size, they can be shaken or jarred from the branches, and with a garden-roller crushed on the ground. This of course has to be done early in the morning or late at evening, while they are in a somewhat torpid condition. On smaller bushes they can be easily shaken off into pails or open vessels of water, and then taken away and destroyed. For the pair-slug, a small, greenish-black, moist body, there has been many recommendations. Powdered quick-lime—not slaked lime—receives the most countenance from practical men] [illegible] the trees are very large, or the number very great, hand-picking is considered to be the best way of getting rid of them. Usually there are but comparatively few which do the damage, and a five or six year old pear tree may be cleaned of them in five or 10 minutes. The leaf is closed over them, and the insects closed between the folds. We said these things were annoyances to orchardists of taste and neatness; but besides this, the plant suffers materially by the injury to so much foliage. It not only looks well to have healthy foliage, but it pays to preserve it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTIONS.

The Beauties of Republican Management—Every Dollar Accounted For.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The following table shows the amount of internal revenue taxes collected in each district named for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879. For the first time in the history of the office of internal revenue the Collector has been able to report that all moneys collected in each of the 128 collecting districts in the United States have been accounted for:

OHIO.	
First—Amor Smith, jr	$10,832,853
Third—R. Williams, jr	966,007
Fourth—R. P. Kennedy	479,025
Sixth—James Pursell	613,699
Seventh—C. C. Walcutt	295,841
Tenth—C. Waggoner	985,137
Eleventh—B. F. Coates	781,031
Fifteenth—Jewett Palmer	1,162,956
Eighteenth—C. B. Pettingill	774,324
INDIANA.	
First—J. C. Veatch	196,044
Fourth—Will. Cumback	2,281,981
Sixth—F. Baggs	604,972
Seventh—Frank White (late)	1,280,870
Seventh—D. W. Minshall (present)	280,319
Tenth—Geo. Moon	142,375
Eleventh—J. F. Wildman	75,650
KENTUCKY.	
Second—Wm. A. Stuart	542,442
Fifth—Jas. F. Buckner	3,067,691
Sixth—W. S. Holden	2,886,094
Seventh—A. M. Swope	581,755
Eighth—W. J. Landrum	161,193
Ninth—John E. Blaine	118,788
TENNESSEE.	
Second—J. A. Cooper	101,469
Fifth—W. M. Woodcock	702,687
Eighth—R. F. Patterson	101,766
WEST VIRGINIA.	
First—I. H. Duval	276,753
Second—Geo. W. Brown	46,222

Those Districts which collect $1,000,000 annually, or upward, take rank as follows:

First Ohio	$10,832,000
First Illinois	8,271,000
Fifth Illinois	6,639,000
First Missouri	4,375,000
Third New York	4,283,000
Fifth New Jersey	4,136,000
First New York	3,513,000
Fourth Indiana	3,282,000
Fifth Kentucky	3,070,000
Second New York	2,916,000
Sixth Kentucky	2,886,000
First Pennsylvania	2,262,000
Third Virginia	2,144,000
First California	1,911,000
Fifth Virginia	1,566,000
Fourth Indiana	1,500,000
Eighth Illinois	1,490,000
Fourth Virginia	1,378,000
Thirteth New York	1,289,000

The Grain Trade.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The Mark Lane Express in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: There have been some intervals of sunshine during the past week which have been beneficial to the growing crops and hay-making. Cold nights, however, militated much against the ripening of the cereals, and it is only in the South that wheat is beginning to change color. Even under the most favorable conditions, it is improbable that any home grown wheat will be seen in Mark Lane before the first week in September. In 1878 the first sample appeared in Mark Lane on the 11th of August. Some of the hay crop has been secured, but in many instances in a very unfit state. The condition of the root crop is very variable. Potatoes appear to be thriving fairly in Scotland and Ireland, and the consumption of maize in Ireland has consequently decreased. In the midland Counties of England disease has appeared, and the condition of the potato crop is deplorable.

In short, the improvement of the agricultural situation is very slight, and the harvest cannot be otherwise than deficient. Very little English wheat was offered during the week either at Mark Lane or at the County exchanges. Business has been to a great extent of a holiday character, but in most instances sellers had no difficulty in obtaining last week's prices.

Imports of foreign wheat continue on a liberal scale, and in consequence of the recent improvement in the weather, business ruled quiet, but steady, without any material alteration in prices. A further advance, however, by no means improbable, as the recurrence of rain storms might render the English crop a total failure. For some weeks hence the weather will govern the market.

Even in the face of large Summer supplies, and the knowledge of the large surplus possessed by America, there has been a steady milling demand during the week for American and Russian descriptions.

Finer sorts of foreign white wheat, such as Australian and New Zealand, have also been in good request.

The scarcity of maize on the spot has caused a rise of a shilling per quarter. All other descriptions of feeding corn also tended against buyers.

Arrivals at ports of call have been small. Wheat of the coast is quiet, and declined about sixpence per quarter. Maize very strong at fully a shilling advance. Forward wheat was firmly held by first-hand sellers, and but little business was done.

Few re-sales of red winter cargos for August and September shipment were effected at 43 shillings 6 pence.

Maize has been in large request the past few days, chiefly for October and November shipment, at an improvement of fully a shilling per quarter.

Barley also has advanced sixpence to a shilling.

Sales of English wheat last week amounted to 15,857 quarters at 40s 7d per quarter, against 34,400 quarters at 44s 1d per quarter the same week last year.

Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending August 2 were 945,273 hundred weight of wheat, and 211,223 hundred weight of flour.

Another week of fine weather has wrought considerable improvement in the harvest prospects of France. The harvest has terminated in the south, but even in the most favored localities the yield of wheat does not exceed an average crop.

In some of the southwestern departments the yield is decidedly deficient. In the center, if fine weather continues, there is every probability, not, indeed, of a bountiful harvest, but of a yield certainly surpassing that of '78.

On Mark Lane, Monday, the few samples of English wheat on offer were firmly held for last week's prices, but without attracting much attention.

Foreign arrivals were very large, and with finer weather the market was quiet, with a moderate consumptive demand, at 6d to 1s decline on the fortnight.

Flour steady and unchanged in price.

Barley 6d per quarter higher.

Maize 1s to 1s 6d higher on the fortnight.

Oats advanced 6d.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

It is Soon to Go into Operation Upon the Whole Network of Western Railroads.

ST. LOUIS, August 13.—E. M. Monseman, General Superintendent of the Union and Kansas Pacific Express, will open a general office here September 1 for the transaction of express business. Under the new plan of Jay Gould, L. A. Fuller, of the United States Express, will have charge of the Missouri Division. The new system will be put into operation on nearly the whole network of Western railroads, comprising the following lines: Union Pacific, Colorado Central, Utah Central, Utah Southern, Utah & Northern, Bingham Canon & Camp Floyd, Wasatch & Jordon Valley, Omaha & Republican Valley, Kansas Pacific, Junction City & Ft. Kearney, Soloman Valley, Salina & Southwestern, St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern, and branches; the Utah & Mountain Stage Line, and probably the Toledo & Wabash Railroad.

PARLIAMENT PROROGUED.

The Queen Speaks of the Pleasant Relations of England with Other Nations.

LONDON, August 15.—Parliament was prorogued to day. The speech from the throne was delivered by a Royal Commission. The Queen, after announcing that the relations of the Government with other powers continue cordial, refers to the faithful execution of the principal clauses of the Treaty of Berlin, and the near realization of the remainder.

On the subject of reform in Turkey the Queen speaks of the calamities of war as explaining the delay but declares her purpose to insist upon the Porte's compliance with its engagements. The Queen directs attention to the change for better that has already taken place in Egypt.

In alluding to the successful termination of the conteft of Afghamiston, her Majesty speaks warmly of the gallantry displayed by British commanders and the courage and endurance of troops.

The South African war next engages the attention of the Queen, and while expressing pleasure at the recent important successes of British arms in that quarter, Hor Tajesty confesses her sorrow at the sacrifice of precious lives occasioned by the war. An early peace on an enduring basis is predicted as the results of events in South Africa. The Queen expresses her thanks to the House of Commons, as is customary, for voting supplies.

Her Majesty refers, in commendatory terms, to the passage of certain measures, including the Army Discipline bill, acts for the appointment of public prosecutors, amending the law relating to the summary jurisdiction of Magistrates, and alterations of law relating to banking and joint stock companies. The speech concludes as follows: "I have had much pleasure pleasure in complying with your request to appoint a commission to inquire into the causes of depression in agriculture. I observe with satisfaction that you have agreed to the measures relative to education in Ireland, which affords a firm and fitting supplement to the intermediate education act. In bidding you farewell, I pray that the blessing of Providence may rest on your labors.

INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

Nicaragua's Move to Compete with the De Lesseps Project—The Work Progressing.

New York Herald.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The rather astonishing fact has come to the surface that while M. de Lesseps is soliciting subscriptions for his Darien Canal, the Nicaraguan Government has part of a ship canal almost ready for business. It will be remembered that at the request of the Nicaraguan Government, Chief Engineer A. G. Menocal, of the United States Navy, has been granted five months' leave of absence to visit Nicaragua and, complete certain important improvements planned and projected by him in that State years ago. This request was made through the Consul General of Nicaragua in New York, who forwarded the letter to the State Department about the middle of last month. The improvements spoken of are on the San Juan and the San Juan del Norte Rivers on the direct route from the Caribean Sea to Lake Nicaragua. Not only has the Nicaraguan Government undertaken to complete these improvements, but every plan has been perfected for opening direct navigation with Lake Nicaragua. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated from either a national or international point of view. The completion of the engineering work which Mr. Menocal goes out to superintend, besides greatly facilitating the project of an interoceanic canal via Nicaragua, will rapidly extend and enlarge an already increasing commerce between that country and New York, and open up a rich undeveloped region of country that promises a greater yield of products and wealth than is claimed from the Florida Ship Canal route. The improvement of the Machuca Rapids is nearly completed, and the Nicaraguan Government now proposes to build a canal with the necessary lockage around the Castillo Rapids, which will open up an uninterrupted line of communication from the sea to Lake Nicaragua. There will then remain but a short distance to be cut, said to be less than 13 miles, between the western boundary of Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. This portion of the route has been already carefully surveyed for the interoceanic canal. The advanced state of the work along the San Juan River and the energy which the Nicaraguan Government has determined to put forth in completing the route between the lake and the sea is an assurance to our Government that if an inter-oceanic canal is to be constructed it will be by this route, in which the United States is as largely interested as the Government of Nicaragua.

ENGLISH BANKS.

Business Stagnant and Likely to Remain So.

LONDON, August 14.—The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £36,000 during the past week. The proportion of reserve to liability is 56 15-16 per cent.

The Bank of Bengal increased its rate of interest and discount from five to six per cent.

The Times in a financial article says: It is not possible to say decidedly what caused the slightly increased firmness of the money market, Tuesday. It is ascribed in some quarters to apprehensions that large quantities of gold may be withdrawn from the Bank of England for New York, but it would take a most notable amount to deplete both our stores and those of the Bank of France. Still the effect of such withdrawal would be much more marked now than in ordinary times. Money borrowers now enjoy very limited credit; banks will not lend freely and a very slight extra demand immediately reacts on the market in an exaggerated fashion. Everything is stagnant, and, to all appearances, may remain so for some weeks to come. The price of silver is nominal. It is believed that business could be readily effected on Austrian account at 51¼d per ounce, but should any Indian demand arise the price would probably go still higher, and, according to the last quotation of the Indian Council, bills at 52d per ounce would more nearly represent the value of bar silver.

SENT TO PROSPECT.

Planters Hope the Negros Will be Disappointed.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 14.—It appears that the party of colored men who passed through East St. Louis last night was got up by merchants and planters of different places in Mississippi, with a view of getting such negros as wish to migrate to Kansas an opportunity to go there, judge of the country for themselves, and if they like it stay, but if they dislike it they can return, the expense of the trip being scarcely more than nominal. It seems that many planters apprehend that after the present cotton crop is picked there will be an extensive exodus of negros from the South. Some of them, therefore, got up this excursion under the belief that the representative colored men who might go on it would be disappointed with Kansas and returned, and that their unfavorable accounts would have a strong influence with the negroes generally, and prevent any extensive migratory movement. Quite a large number of whites who took advantage of the cheap rates obtained also joined the party, and a considerable number of them have gone on to Kansas.

Not for Any Consideration.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

Sen. McDonald, of Indiana, says that he has read Sec. Sherman's Portland speech, and he "wouldn't make such a speech as that for any consideration." True, McDonald wouldn't. He couldn't. He wouldn't write like Shakespeare, either, for any consideration, nor at all resemble Indiana's great Senator, Morton. Mr. McDonald hasn't a mind to do any of these things.

NORDEN KJOLD'S VOYAGES.

Sailing Through the Polar Sea to the Pacific Ocean.

Important Discoveries in the North—From Sweden to Sweden via the North Cape, Behring's Straits, and the Suez Canal.

New York Sun.

BERLIN, Aug. 3.—A telegram was received in this City yesterday from Stockholm announcing that the Arctic explorer, Prof. Nordenskjold, had brought his steamer, the "Vega," out of the ice in Behring Strait, where she had been confined during the Winter, and had begun his homeward journey through the Pacific Ocean.

This announcement is that of the first success of many efforts to find a northeast passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Prof. Nordenskjold started on this most perilous and most important expedition on the 4th of July, 1878. He started from Gothenburg in the "Vega," accompanied by a corps of scientific specialists, in addition to a crew of able seamen, who had had experience in navigating the Arctic seas. The details of his voyage, as far as they have been received, are full of interest, and show as well the daring and the perseverance of the explorer.

Nordenskjold began his career as an explorer in 1872. The problem he took upon himself to solve was whether or not there is navigable water north of Asia from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He had before him the records of the efforts of Cabat, Willoughby, Barentz, and Behring, as well as of others whose names are also familiarly known. He studied all these from the expeditions of the Northmen and the Icelanders to the latest expeditions in 1871 and 1873, in which many gallant Norwegians lost their lives. From these records he learned the several theories that had been held, and to what extent the facts as ascertained by the explorers proved or disproved them.

Previous to 1872 Nordenskjold had engaged in six voyages. In that year he was selected by the Swedish Government to undertake a sledge journey from Spitzbergen toward the north pole. The explorers encountered disasters and were compelled to return home the following year without having gained much information, though they acquired a deal of experience.

In 1875 the Professor was able, through the generosity of Mr. Oscar Dickson, a wealthy merchant of Gothenburg, to essay the proof of his belief that there is a navigable sea north of Asia. He sailed from Tromsoe, a port on the northern coast of Norway, on the 4th of June of that year, and on the 15th of August reached the mouth of the Yneisei River, the middle one of the three large water courses of Northern Asia. By this voyage he established the fact that the Sea of Kara is navigable, and also opened a water route to most desirable parts of Siberia. He named a port at the mouth of the river Dickson's Port, in honor of his patron. This voyage also gave additional color to the probability of a route to China by way of the Yneisei River. In the following year he made another voyage, sailing from Tromsoe on the 26th of July. His patron had replaced the small vessel of the year previous with a staunch little steamer, the "Ymer." She was freighted with goods suitable for the Siberian trade. The voyage to Nova Zembla was made in five days, but upon passing through the straits that separate that island from the main land he found the Sea of Kara, that he had navigated so easily the year before, full of drifting ice. After waiting several days he began beating in the ice up the Nova Zemblan coast, and at latitude 72 found himself in an open sea. By the middle of August he again reached the mouth of the Yneisei River. He ascended it for some distance, and, having disposed of his cargo to advantage, returned to the port he started from after an absence of seven weeks.

These voyages went far to convince the Professor that the northeast passage could be made. To prove it he threw all his energy into the undertaking, and his patron fitted out a more extensive expedition. An appeal was made to King Oscar, and he at once became interested in the enterprise. Of the £20,000 or $100,000 required, Mr. Dickson contributed £12,000, and the government and Mr. Alexander Sibiriakoff the rest. King Oscar commissioned several of the ablest officers of his navy to accompany the expedition. Several eminent savants volunteered their services. The fleet consisted of four vessels—the steamer "Vega," which carried the originator and commander of the expedition, the steamer "Lena," and two smaller vessels fitted out to open trade with Eastern Siberia. The last three were the property of Mr. Sibiriakoff. Nordenskjold's steamer, the "Vega," was originally a steam whaler. She was built in Bremen. Her timbers are of teak wood, and, though a staunch vessel, she was thoroughly overhauled and braced. Her engines and machinery are of the most modern kind and of unusual power. Nordenskjold started in her from Gothenburg, one of the Sounthern ports of Sweden, on the 4th of July, and on the 25th joined the escorts at Tromsoe. The "Vega" was commanded by Lieut. L. Palander, and his first officer was Lieut. E. C. Brusewitz, both of the Swedish Navy. Prof. Nordenskjold's staff consisted of Dr. Hjellmann, botanist, of the University of Upsala, Dr. Stuxberg, a geologist, and Dr. Almquish, a famous physician. At the request of their respective Governments, Lieut. A. Hofgaard of the Danish navy, Lieut. Giacome Bove of the Italian Navy, and Lieut. Nordquist of the Russian Navy were added to Nordenskjold's staff. The "Lena" was commanded by Capt. Johannsen. Eleven days after starting from Tromsoe they anchored off Port Dickson. They remained there three days to make up and despatch correspondence and complete their preparations for the long and perilous voyage. Then the bows of the stout little steamers were pointed toward the North Cape. For two months nothing was heard of the explorers, and then a dispatch was received by Mr. Sibiriakoff from Yakutsk, on the Lena River, announcing that the expedition had reached the mouth of that river in safety. The steamer "Lena" had passed up the river and the "Vega" had continued her journey toward the Pacific.

The arrival of Capt. Johannsen and the "Lena" at Yakutsk was the occasion for a public rejoicing there. This town is situated near the centre of the Russian Empire in Asia, and the only means of access have been overland; hence the arrival of the first vessel, proving that water communication could be had with the more civilized parts of the world was sufficient cause for the general celebration.

In December Nordenskjold's patrons received a letter from him in which he gave the record of his voyage from the mouth of the Yeneisei to the mouth of the Lena River. Though it is to a degree technical; it is full of interest to the general reader.

Soon after sailing from Port Dickson, the explorers ran into a heavy fog. They moved with the utmost caution, and their course was rendered more dangerous by the discovery of many small islands not noted on the chairs. The second day the fog was dense, and they anchored. It was noticed that the sea was only slightly salt, particularly at the surface. By dredging, however, many specimens of pure deep sea life were found. In the afternoon the fog lifted somewhat, and the "Vega" rounded her course. The explorers came upon drifting ice, but it was thin and rotten, and did not impede the vessel. Near the coast the usual arctic animals were seen, but none of the arctic birds. Many interesting discoveries were made in nearly every branch of science, but the most important were geographical.

The voyagers kept close to the coast the greater part of the way, and made landings occasionally. They were frequently surprised at the entire absence of snow and the wonderful verdure in some places. There are points Prof. Nordenskjold thinks, judging from the profusion of the game, that the Russian hunters have not visited for centuries, if ever.

On the 19th of August the "Vega" cast anchor off the North Cape, the most northerly point of Asia. The flags were run up and a salute was fired. A polar bear that had been run down the promontory to the water's edge at the sight of the ship took suddenly to his heels at the sound. From the North Cape to the mouth of the Lena the explorers encountered less fog and less ice.

The details of the voyage after the "Vega's" departure from the mouth of the Lena are unknown as yet. For many months nothing was heard of the exploring party, and measures for an expedition of relief were about to be taken in hand when a vessel arrived in San Francisco and reported that the "Vega" was in the ice near Kellett Land, a projection from the Arctic region, several hundred miles from Behring Strait. She had been there several months. On the 3d of May a dispatch was received from Yakutsh, on the Lena River, announcing that the "Vega" was out of danger, and was in Behring Strait, and with it was the more welcome intelligence that all the members of the expedition were enjoying good health. It was learned that the "Vega" had been caught in the ice floes near East Cape, a point about 350 miles from the entrance to Behring Strait, and about 700 miles from Yokohama.

The telegram that was received yesterday announces that Nordenskjold has got his steamer off the ice, and through the straits, and is on his way to Japan. It is his intention to return home by way of the Suez Canal.

The hero of this undertaking, Anolf Erik Nordenskjold, is a native of Hensingfors, Sweden. He is in his 47th year. At the age of 26 he was appointed Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Stockholm. In the year following he began work as an explorer by accompanying an Arctic expedition. The most important expedition prior to this one, was one made in 1868, which resulted in his ascertaining accurately the situation of Spitzbergen. In the Summer of 1870 he made a voyage to Greenland, and penetrated the country further than any previous scientific explorer. Of both these expeditions he has written exhaustive accounts. For two years, from 1870, he was a member of the second Swedish Chamber, an equivalent to that of a member of Congress in the United States.

CONSULAR CONVENTION.

Excitement on the Frontier of Epirus.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—In the House of Commons the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs stated that the Government had not yet been able to conclude a Consular Convention with the United States, but a bill empowering the execution of such convention, is being prepared, so as to be in readiness against the time when the convention is concluded.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer confirmed the report of the existence of considerable excitement on the frontier of Epirus and Thessaly, and stated that both Greece and Turkey in consequence thereof have considered it necessary to strengthen their forces in that quarter. The British Government, however, had not considered it necessary to take notice of the matter.

BARRETE'S ARREST.

Mysteriously Seized and Taken to Prison While Visiting Cuba.

From the New York Sun.

Among Cubans residing in this City there was much indignation yesterday at the news of an alleged outrage committed upon Col. Miguel G. Barrete in Mantanzas. From private letters received by friends of Col. Barrete, it would appear that about 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the 15th of the present month he was quitting the house of his brother, Dr. Barrete, in Mantanzas, when he was arrested by two men dressed as civilians, who neither exhibited any warrant nor made known to him what charge they had against him. He protested against their illegal act, and demanded to be taken before the American Consul, as he has been regularly naturalized as an American citizen. His captors refused to comply with his demand, saying that they had no authority to do so. They tied his hands behind him, and marched him ignominiously to the police station, where he was locked in a filthy cell with some negroes. The next morning he found that one of apparent civilians was a Lieutenant of Police. They told him he was to be taken away, but declined to say where. He was taken to the Railroad Station, and heard them buy tickets for Villa Clara, in the Central Department. Before they started he noticed in the depot an acquaintance, and made an effort to speak with him, but was prevented. As his captors took him off he protested loudly that he was an American citizen, and demanded to be taken before the American Consul. The party proceeded to Las Cruces, and thence to Cienfuegos, where Col. Barrete was locked up in the soldiers' barracks, still ignorant of any charge against him. The policemen were ordered to take him out shortly after midnight, which they did by a circuitous path, and he had no doubt that the intention was to have him assassinated on the pretense that he had attempted to escape. Fortunately for him, however, the party was overtaken by a man on horseback, who evidently bore dispatches to the leader directing him to return to Cienfuegos with his prisoner. Upon arriving at the station the Lieutenant found orders to take Col. Barrete before the Secretary of the Governor-General, which was done. The prisoner's hands were still tied behind him. After questioning him as to whether he had been in the interior of the island, and getting an account of his movements, the Secretary told Col. Barrete that he was a free man, and released him from custody. Col. Barrete then complained to the Secretary of his treatment, and demanded that an acknowledgement of the fact of his arrest should be put in writing, as also a certificate that there was no charge against him. After some hesitation the Secretary complied, and Col. Barrete went to Havana, from whence he will soon sail for New York.

Col. Barrete is well known in New York, where he has many friends. He was prominent in the Cuban junta, and has taken an active part on behalf of the Cuban patriots by participating in many expeditions, and served in the three years' war. Lately he has concluded to avail himself of the proclamation of peace, and had determined to engage in the sugar business. His mission to Cuba, it is claimed, was one of perfect legality. He was possessed of means to carry out his business designs, and depended upon his certificate of naturalization to secure his protection. In his letters to his friends he expressed the most positive conviction that if he had not attracted attention by his loud protests at the depot he would have been assassinated, and not a trace of his whereabouts would ever have been received by his friends. On the night of his seizure the house of his brother, 165 Mercedes street, Matanzas, was searched by five Policemen, evidently in the expectation of finding papers that would implicate Col. Barrete in designs against the Government. All they found was some books and agricultural papers with information about the culture of the sugar cane. After his release Col. Barrete received a letter from the American Consul asking to call, and at last accounts he expected to be ordered by the Spanish Government to quit the island. Some among the Cuban exiles believe that the Spanish Government will repudiate the action of its officers in making this unwarrantable arrest. Others say that the de facto Secretary of State will be compelled to take notice of it and to request the Spanish Government to make pecuniary amends.

The Spanish Minister, in reference to the alleged outrage upon Col. Barrete, in Cuba, says that the story published in the evening papers of Tuesday is the first he has heard of the subject. Notwithstanding he has received his dispatches on the last two steamers which left Havana on the 19th and 23d ult., the Minister declares officially that he has received no advices of the matter. He personally doubts the reported outrage, or, at least, the report is greatly exaggerated. He says that, so far, only one version of the affair has been heard, and he hopes that the people of the United States will wait for further advices before forming an opinion.

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The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

Gentlemen.—Some three months

News of the Week

THE CAPITAL.

The State Department says Germany is disposed to regard favorably the proposals of this government for the further joint consideration of the bi-metallic subject and hopes present efforts will result in a bi-metallic Congress, in which all the leading States of Europe will participate.

The Treasurer of the United States has issued his regulations for express charges on moneys to be issued and redeemed on United States notes and on National bond notes sent for redemption. The charges at contract rates are deducted from the proceeds on fractional silver coins and on minor coins sent for redemption to the mint at Philadelphia. The Treasurer's or any Assistant Treasurer's charges must be prepaid by the sender. On fractional currency sent for redemption in sums less than $500 the charges must be prepaid by the sender and on returns therefor charges at contract rates will be deducted on United States notes returned in any other amounts than multiples of $1,000 for National Bank notes redeemed. Charges are collected of consignee on United States notes returned for United States notes, fractional silver coins, or minor coins redeemed. Charges are deducted on fractional silver coin returned for certificates of deposit checks, United States notes or National Bank notes Charges are collected of consignee on transfers of funds from National Bank Depositories. Charges will be paid by the United States on remittances of public money between officers of the Treasury and Assistant Treasuries of the United States on fractional currency sent to the Treasurer for redemption in sums of $500 or more, and on United States notes and fractional silver coins returned therefor; or standard silver dollars sent from the mint in multiples of $500 on order from the Treasurer, or minor coins issued by the mint at Philadelphia in multiples of $20 in exchange for lawful money of the United States; sight drafts on New York or the Philadelphia post office money orders, or in return for minor coins redeemed on United States notes sent in multiples of $1,000 in return for National Bank notes redeemed.

Sec. Sherman, who left for Ohio Tuesday being questioned concerning future financial operations of the Treasury, replied that the Treasury operations will probably hereafter have no material effect upon the money market. It is probable before the 1st of October that nearly all called bonds outstanding, amounting to about $47,000,000, will be presented for payment and will be paid for through the clearing house of New York. As much of this money will go to different parts of the country further than New York, payment may cause some movement of currency from that City, but it will naturally soon come back again after the refunding operations are closed. Treasury payments will be equal to our receipts and no more, except a small balance of the fractional currency fund which Congress required to be paid out.

"What will be the probable amount of gold imported in the payment of breadstuffs, etc.?"

I do not think the movement of gold in this country will be very large. It is evident our exports will greatly be in excess of imports and mainly of breadstuffs, meats and cotton, but the excess will be paid for largely by American securities held abroad. I wish they would all come back. Still some gold will come and our domestic production of gold will stay here. This will give the banks an excellent opportunity to provide themselves with a coin reserve, instead of United States notes of which this reserve now consists. United States notes will be wanted in active use for the largest crop and largest business we have ever had."

"How about the price of silver, has it advanced?"

"Yes; the price of silver is advancing somewhat. There is a better demand for silver from China, and its price is higher in San Francisco than in New York. I should not be surprised if the bulk of silver of the Pacific coast should go to China, and our supply for coinage should come from Colorado, Mexico and perhaps London.

EAST.

At New York, Aug. 14, the National Cotton Exchange elected John B. Lofsth President, and the following Executive Council: W. W. Gordon, Savannah; W. M. Gwathney, Norfolk; W. H. Gordon, Mobile; W. M. Senter, St. Louis; Wm. M. Snoody, Galveston; S. L. Taylor, Cincinnati; T. G. Jurey, Charleston; E. L. Dennis, Houston; K. E. Campbell, Vicksburg.

At Harrisburg, August 12, charges of corrupt solicitation of members of the legislature in connection with the riot claims bill, were brought against Jesse R. Crawford, of Elair county; Alex Leisenring, Corbin county; J. M. McCune and Chris Long, Cumberland county, and an additional charge of perjury in Crawford's case.

At Syracuse, August 12, the Executive Committee of the State Grange and State Farmers' Alliance, consulted with regard to political affairs in the State, and especially as they affect the railway and taxation questions, it was resolved that the alliance recommended to the State Conventions of both political parties the names of candidates acceptable to the farmers of the State.

The Wallace Committee closed its investigation at Providence Aug. 12 and left for Boston.

Dr. Arel Ballou (Democrat,) State Senator from Woonsocket, testified that the question of property qualifications for foreigners has not been made a party issue of late years. The real genuine original Rhode Island sentiment opposed to the removal of restriction to a greater extent than those who come from other States. The fixed opinion of permanent Rhode Island citizens is such that it is very difficult to bring them to give up the necessity of this qualification. Among thinking men there has always been a distrust of removing this restriction and giving the control of the State into the hands of foreign born citizens. He believes the people of the State have a right to settle those constitutional questions.

WEST.

At Topeka, Aug. 13, the Governor of Kansas is in receipt of a letter from the President, of which the following is a copy:

"MY DEAR GOVERNOR—It gives me great pleasure to accept your invitation to visit Kansas, to be present at the Agricultural Fair to be held at Neosho, September 25. R. B. HAYES."

At Ogden, Utah, August 12, the conviction and imprisonment of Reynolds for polygamy, and the murder of Standing, the Mormon preacher, in Georgia, the imprisonment of Geo. Q Cannon, delegate to Congress, and the other executors of Brigham Young's estate for contempt have caused a bitter feeling, and the News, the leading church paper, has lately contained threatening articles, and inflammatory speeches have been made. As to Evarts' anti-Mormon circular to foreign countries, it is treated with contempt. It is claimed that it would be absurd to suppose that any European Government would undertake to establish an inquisition to determine the religious faith of emigrants that intend to enter into polygamy. There is no evidence of any intention of forcible resistance to the Government, but the Mormons have a good military organization and they are mostly well armed.

At Atchison, Aug. 14, the quarterly report of the State Board of Agriculture is published, which embodies the official returns of township associations for the year ending March 1, last. The State's area in winter wheat aggregates 1,997,500 acres, an increase of 273,900 acres over 1878, and an increase of 100 per cent. for the last three years. The area in Spring wheat is over 412,000 acres the area in corn is 2,955,000 acres, an increase of 500,000 acres over 1878, and of 60 per cent. during the last three years. The area in oats is 574,000 acres. The total area in all farm crops aggregate 7,757,000 acres, an increase during the past year of 1,289,000 acres. Winter wheat is unusually fine, and corn promises the largest yield ever known in the State. Live stock shows an increase during the past three years of 51 per cent. in horses, 97 per cent in mules, and 6 per cent. in milk cows, 44 per cent. on other cattle, and 116 per cent. in sheep, and 283 per cent. in hogs. Dairy products for the year are 1,059,246 pounds of cheese and 14,506,555 pounds butter. Farm dwellings erected during the year number 15,952, valued at nearly $3,000,000. The assessed valuation of the property in the state is $145,000,000.

The population of the State, March 1, was 849,978, an increase of 141,480. During the previous year fully 50,000 people have come into the State since that date. On the 1st of March last there were 2,444 miles of railway in the State, and it is estimated that nearly 500 miles will be built this year.

At St. Louis, Aug. 17, the new Board of Immigration of this State has just concluded a three days' session, and perfected means for promoting immigration to Missouri. A general agent of the Board will be located at Cincinnati, and agencies will be established in Liverpool and at some place in Scotland and Germany. Elaborate statements of the mineral and agricultural resources of the State, its manufacturing advantages, transportation facilities, accessibility to markets and etc., will be made and circulated, and the members of the Board will personally visit several of the Eastern States and disseminate information among the people. An agency will also be established in Boston. The subject of inviting immigration to Missouri is exciting great interest in various parts of the State, and over 20 County societies are organized and at work.

A dispatch from Lieut. Col. Whistler, commanding the main body of the 5th infantry on Poplar River, dated yesterday, announces the capture and surrender of Black Catfish, chief of the Yanktonnais Sioux, of a band of 20 warriers 15 women and several children of the Spotted Tail agency bands who were attempting to cross the Missouri and go north of the line. White Ear, chief of the fugitive party, with three men made his way back to the agency. The captives acknowledged that they were going back to the Teton camp, but with the object of inducing some of their people now acting with Sitting Bull to go home with them. They had a dozen rifles and about 50 rounds of ammunition all told with them. Their statement relative to their friendly relations lacks the requisite thickness. The prisoners will be sent to Fort Abraham Lincoln by the river by the first steamer going down. A boat is expected some time this week.

The Miles expedition, unless some unlooked for complications should arise, is now virtually at an end for the present. The Catish Yanktonnais, long suspected of dissatisfaction, have proved their loyalty by the capture of the runaway brutes.

FOREIGN

GREAT BRITAIN.

The United States consul at Manchester, England, says the failure of the crops is much more serious than is generally supposed abroad. The demand in England for meats and grains from the United States will be enormous. Business is greatly depressed. Last year more than 80,000 persons were supported by the public. The coming Winter will probably witness still greater destitution.

A conference of delegates representing 200,000 miners was held in Manchester on the 14th. inst. MacDonald, President of the Conference, pointed out that there was some opening for miners in the United States, as during the recent depression in the mining industry in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, a number of men sought other employment. A resolution was unanimously passed in favor of emigrating to the United States.

At London Aug. 14, of 800,000 shares of the Panama Canal scheme put on the market, says the Courier, about 20,000 have been applied for, and these chiefly, through the syndicate supporting the scheme. Despite this undoubted failure, it is known in financial circles that De Lesseps, backed by the members of the French syndicate, is determined to persevere with his project.

Two of the principal cotton manufacturing firms of the Dale district of Glasgow have given notice of a five per cent. reduction, making 20 per cent. reduction since the beginning of the depression. These are the only mills running on full time. It is feared the rest of the mills, running only four days per week, will follow, reducing operatives to the lowest condition.

In consequence of the active American demand, every large iron making district in the kingdom is showing unmistakable signs of a revival.

At London, Aug. 16, a receiver was appointed for the estate of James McHenry. The assets of £1,000,000 consists of shares and leasehold and freehold property. It is possible that the judgment of the Master of Rolls, requiring McHenry to deposit installments in court of the sum recovered by the Erie Railway Company in its recent action against him, has been the means of bringing matters to a climax.

Turkey.

Advices from Constantinople state there are now in Thessaly, Epyrus and Macedonia 90,000 Turkish troops, exclusive of artillery and cavalry. These, together with the forces at Adrianople, Constantinople and Albania, make an army of 160,000 men in European Turkey, more than would be required to deal with Greece in the event of a war; but the probable consequences of a rupture are not to be estimated by the number of troops. Information from Macedonia shows that a Bulgarian rising may be easily produced there, which would cause a dangerous movement in Roumelia and Bulgaria.

At Constantinople Aug. 17, the English officers and Turkish Commissioners are still prevented from proceeding with delimitation on the Bulgarian frontier by the action of the militia. The British Consul General has renewed his complaints to the Bulgarian Government.

The Bulgarian Government having taken steps for their protection, the Commissioners for the delimitation of the Bulgarian frontier will be able to resume their labors immediately.

France having refused to authorize the ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha to reside in Algiers, the Powers have intimated to the Porte that they do not object to his living in Constantinople. The Sultan, however, is opposed to having Ismail in his capital.

Germany.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent believes the Ultramontanes will emerge much weaker from the new elections owing to their support of Prince Bismarck's economic policy. The Standard's Pesth dispatch says the ministry of war have resolved not to occupy the district of Novi-Bazar this year.

The Times' Berlin dispatch reports that Gen. Von Manteuffel will be appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the troops in Alsace-Lorraine. It is contrary to custom and military tradition for a Marshal to be appointed Chief of an army corps.

The Post's Berlin correspondent reports that the High Church party has resolved to make a fresh attempt to upset present legislation in respect to the marriage laws. The matter will be first broached in the General Synod, where an effort will be made to repeal the act making civil marriage obligatory.

In view of the expected compromise between Germany and the Vatican, there is serious talk of the appointment of a permanent Papal Nuncio at Berlin. The statement by Herr Von Pultkommer, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, at a public banquet that his views are materially different from those of Dr. Falk, has caused considerable sensation.

The experiments with the Krupp cannon show they are equal in penetration to the Woolwich guns, and twice their weight. In the one case, at the range of 2,500 yards the horizontal deviation of the shot was only two feet and 10 inches, and the horizontal deviation nine and a half inches.

A correspondent at Berlin, hears from reliable authority, that rye which is the principal bread material of Germany, will yield at the highest estimate only three-quarters of the calculated average, whereas wheat, if the weather continues fine, as seems probable, will yield a full harvest. Barley promises about the same yield as rye; oats better; potatos good, though some disease has appeared.

Austria.

The press announces the Emperor's arrival at Vienna on Tuesday, and Count Andrassy on Wednesday. The latter will submit to the Emperor the name of a statesman as his successor qualified to continue his policy. No idea is entertained of reversing the policy pursued in occupying Bosnia and Herzegovinia. The Emperor, on receiving the above nomination, will make known his decision relative to the acceptance of the resignation of Count Andrassy.

Canada.

A special cable dispatch dated August 16th. from London to the Globe, says: Sir John MacDonald left London this morning for Osborne, to be sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. The Dominion Ministers dined last night with the Lord Mayor of London. Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir Charles Tupper will sail by the "Circassian" on the 21st inst. Sir John MacDonald will remain in England four weeks longer Sir Alexander Gait goes to Spain to negotiate a commercial treaty.

SEVERE STORM.

Some of the Eastern States Have Been Visited by a Terrific Tempest of Wind and Rain.

WILMINGTON, Aug. 18.—A terrific storm of wind and rain visited this section this morning at 4 o'clock. The velocity of the wind had reached 68 miles per hour. A large number of shade trees were prostrated. Several houses and sheds were unroofed. German and British barks are ashore. It is feared that serious damage has been done to the crops.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The storm which, yesterday morning, was centered near Cape Hattaras, has moved in a northeasterly path, developing greatly in energy, and is now centered near Eastport, Maine. A heavy rain has fallen in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. Newburyport experienced a storm this morning. It was the severest in 10 years. The wind blew a hurricane wrecking four yachts and badly wrenching steamers and schooners in the harbor and scattering about 20 small boats. The fruit trees were stripped and tents on the beach were levelled or blown into the sea.

At Newport between 20 and 30 sailboats are sunk or damaged. The "Wanderer" and "Murrill," of the New York yacht squadron, parted chains and went ashore. Three yachts sunk at the wharf, while others dragged their anchors, fouled, and were damaged. The crew of the schooner ashore at Cape May deserted the vessel in the evening. Their boat was capsized and the men washed ashore in an exhausted condition. The captain remained on board, and the life-saving crew got a line ou. and remained on duty all night.

The velocity of the wind at Cape May was 64 miles. The total rain fall 8.46 inches.

The crew of the schooner ashore at Atlantic City were taken from the rigging at 3 this morning by the life saving crew. The vessel will be a total loss.

Norfolk had the severest rain storm and tornado ever experienced. Many buildings are unroffed and flooded. trees uprooted, and shipping damaged. Many vessels are dragging ashore. The Boston steamship Co., warehouses have been severely damaged. The wharves all along the river front have been flooded and many of the warehouses are flooded. The tide was higher than ever known. The vicinity of Water street was only accessible by boats. The sight being one unexampled even to the oldest inhabitant, The handsome spire of the Freeman Street Baptist Church was blown down. The slating of Christ Episcopal Church and the cornice and steeple ornaments of St. Mary's Catholic Church were torn off, whilst the beautiful grounds of old St. Paul's are badly wrecked.

Great anxiety prevailed during the preualence of the storm and the Mayor ordered out the entire Police Force and Fire Department. The loss is estimated from $200,000 to $300,000.

The damage to growing crops in counties adjacent to Petersburg was very great. In Surrey County alone the damage to corn is estimated at 50 per cent. The Ocean Grove Camp Grounds, below Long Branch, suffered severely.

At Gloucester, Mass., several vessels were dragged ashore last night. At other points on the New England coast vessels were beached, but thus far no loss of life is reported.

Agricultural Returns.

WASHINGTON, August 15.—The August returns to the Agricultural Department show that the condition of the spring wheat was 82 against 78 in 1878.

The northern parts of New England and New York maintained their July condition.

In the West and Northwest there was a general decline caused by drought, rust and chinch bugs. The decline is most severely felt in Kansas, where the condition averages only 44 and the condition of the whole country is seven per cent. better than last year. The decline during July was only 10 per cent., against 31 per cent. in 1878, with an increased acreage, especially in unascertained territorial area, a considerable addition may be expected.

Tobacco—The severe drouth which prevailed in the large tobacco growing States—Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky—during June and July, was a great injury to the crop. The average for the whole country is only 77, against 84 last year at the same date.

Rain is reported since July 26 very generally, and the prospects are that the September returns will show a decided change for the better.

Oats—August returns show a condition of the oat crop at 91 against 100 in August, 1878. They show a slight improvement over the July condition, which averaged only 89.

The decline in the Gulf States and in the trans-Mississippi States is nearly over balanced by improvement in all the other sections.

A Mormon Circular.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—The Mormon circular which has heretofore been alluded to, and upon which the Secretary of State has spent a great deal of care in preparation, is now being forwarded to the diplomatic officers of the United States abroad. It was read by Mr. Evarts to the Cabinet last week, and is considered a matter of some importance. The circular announces that the United States Supreme Court having sustained Congress in pronouncing a crime, and its prohibition, even when justified by a religious belief, constitutional, the Government proposes to prosecute offenders and attempt to blot out the peculiar institution of Mormonism from the United States. The act of July 2, 1862, is quoted, which prohibits the practice of polygamy under heavy penalty, and the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Reynolds case is cited as declaring the constitutionality of the act. The latter calls attention to the obligations of other Governments not to allow persons to emigrate into this country with the intention of committing crime here, and asks that the obligation be observed with reference to Mormon proselytes who are leaving Great Britain, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway in great numbers.

Diplomatic representatives are instructed to lay a copy of the circular before the powers to which they are accredited, and to ask on behalf of the United States the co-operation of these powers to prevent further immigration of Mormons. They are also directed to make it publicly known in places from whence Mormon accessions come, that Mormonism has been declared a crime in the United States, and is to be hereafter prosecuted as such, and to warn all people of the law of Congress.

STRINGENT MEASURES.

No Effort Now Spared to Stamp Out the Yellow Fever.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 13.—Twenty-three new cases in all have been reported to the Board of Health to day—seven whites and 16 colored. Among the number are Dr. J. W. White and wife, Mrs. Celia Jones, and John McLaughlin.

Two additional deaths have occurred, Nettie Forbes and Carrie Doyle; the last named colored.

Miss Johanna Ostmann, sister-in-law to Mrs. Wilhelmna Ostman, whose death was reported at noon, died late this evening after the official report to the Board of Health had been made out.

J. D. Plunkett, President of the State Board of Health, telegraps from Nashville that the resignation of Hon. John Johnson, tendered this morning was not accepted by the Board.

The fever is still spreading outside the corporate limits and closing in on the heart of the City. We now have three cases on Madison street, and one on the corner of Washington and Second streets.

The following order has been issued by the Board of Health: "As a sanitary precaution, the Board of Health requests physicians in attendance upon yellow fever patients when they have convalesced to enjoin upon nurses and others in attendance to disinfect by boiling and otherwise the clothing and bedding used by said patients. They will also please report to this office any houses requiring disinfection.

"J. CHANDLER, M. D.,
"Sec. Board of Health."

Several hundred dollars were received to-day by the Citizens' Committee from absentees, and the total donations for the support of the poor, all given by our people, now exceeds $18,000.

The Rev. Eugene Daniel, of the First Presbyterian Church, acknowledges the receipt of a small amount, and says cases of distress have appeared among his flock; also, that the prospects indicate greater want in the future. Hence he asks his absent parishioners to forward him such amounts as they feel able to give.

MEMPHIS, August 13.—Eight new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning, five of whom are colored. Ten deaths from yellow fever have been reported by undertakers since last night—James Schools, Miles Owen, Lillie Todd, Thomas S. Bateman, Willie Dolan, Wilhelmina Ostman, and Florence Hopkins, colored; Oliva Forbes, Maria English, Moses Lewis, colored. The three last named died beyond the City limits. Ed. Moon is still alive at noon. He drank the juice of a watermelon this morning which had a good effect upon his kidneys. W. W. Gray rested well last night. His symptoms are more favorable. R. M. Young, President of the Board of Health and W. J. Reynolds, Mayor of Corinth, Miss., telegraphs as follows:

There is not a case of fever of any kind in Corinth.

Hon. John Johnson, member of the State Board of Health and Superintendent of the Quarantine, in a telegram this morning to J. D. Plunkett, President of the State Board of Health, says: My resignation as a member of the State Board of Health of the State of Tennessee and Superintendent of Quarantine at Memphis, goes forward by the next mail, and all official connection with said Board as a member thereof or as Superintendent of Quarantine ceases from this time, reserving to myself, at the proper time, the right to ask an investigation and decision upon my acts by the State Board of Health.'

MEMPHIS, Aug. 14.—A private letter to the Appeal, from Corinth, Miss., dated 4 A. M., Aug. 11, says a perfect stampede of citizens is in progress, owing to the illness of the Mayor and the President of the Board of Health, who are supposed to be sick with yellow fever. They were attacked with a sudden illness Saturday night, and in the opinion of the attending physicians, their sickness is yellow fever. It is thought that coming in contact with citizens fleeing from Memphis at the quarantine station has caused the infection. People were fleeing to the country, but many farmers had quarantined against them, and they were roaming through the woods trying to find refuge and safety. Seventy-five left at daylight yesterday.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., August 12.—The Committee of the State Board of Health to determine the points to be quarantined reported this morning they can make no changes in officials or stations now existing, but will, if thought proper, continue any points abandoned by the local officials. The State Board orders local patrolmen to be placed opposite Memphis, at the mouth of White river and at Arkansas City and to protect Eastern Arkansas and prevent the entry into the State from infected districts.

The Howard Association was fully organized, to be ready for the possible coming of the epidemic. Mayor Fletcher was elected President, W. A. Cohn, Vice President, Rabbi J. Block, Treasurer, and J. T. Cox, Secretary.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 12.—The City Council has adopted resolutions declaring that there is not a case of yellow fever in the City, and protesting against the unjust quarantine established by Southern Cities and Towns against New Orleans.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The National Board of Health has the following dispatch from the United States Consul at Matamoras:

Reliable information from Tamaulos to August 18, says: "We have yellow fever epidemic; worse than New Orleans last year; people die like flies; the quarantine at Bagdad against Tampico is still efficient."

Medical Inspector Somerset Robinson, of the Navy, and Dr. Daniel M. Burgess, several years a resident of Havana, will perform the duties of Inspector, the former at Matanzas and the latter at Havana.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 14.—Twenty-six cases were reported to the Board of Health up to noon, 19 of whom were colored. Among the whites were ex-Alderman Thomas Moffitt, Christian Riser, Mrs. Kennedy.

Interments have been reported by undertakers, Dr. Oscar Certy, Lizzie Sommers, Jacob Clements, Mrs. Anna Dowd, Thomas Downey, J. M. Tigbe, Lizzie McElroy, John Gilliard (colored), Maude Roe (colored). Two of these died beyond the City limits. Mayor Guy is considered out of danger. Ed. Moon shows a slight improvement. Ed. Gloss not so well to-day. Weather warm.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 14.—One case of fever is reported among the orphans confined in the colored asylum on Dunlap street. There are about 40 children in the institution, but the case has been isolated and further spreading is not anticipated.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 14.—Forty cases in all have been reported to the Board of Health to-day, 30 of whom are colored. But one additional interment is reported, Miss Johanna Ortman, mentioned in these dispatches last night.

The Shelby County Medical Society met last night and passed resolutions approving and endorsing the proposition of Dr. Jerome Cochrane, and urging the National Board of Health to make such an appropriation as will to the fullest extent enable the local authorities to carry out his plans.

In all cases where isolation cannot be made effective a guard will be supplied by the Board of Health to enforce instructions in conformity with Dr. Cochrane's plan. A force of special sanitary officers were engaged to-day in posting yellow flags on all houses where yellow fever has appeared. The work of disinfection will begin immediately.

Miss Gracie Prestidge, daughter of Col. J. S. Prestidge, a prominent member of the present Safety Committee, is prostrated with fever. Her case has not been reported to the Board of Health.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Dr. Cabell, of Virginia, President of the National Board of Health, in conversation this afternoon, expressed the opinion that the yellow fever would not extend beyond its present limit in this country. He thought the vigorous measures taken at Memphis to confine the fever to the limits of the city had proved most successful.

He did not think it would last much longer at Memphis. He thinks that if reports from Tampico as to the ravages of the fever in that city are correct, there is danger to be apprehended from that quarter. It would require the utmost vigilance on the part of the authorities along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to prevent the introduction of the disease from Mexico. The National Board of Health has notified said authorities of the condition of affairs at Tampico, and advised that a careful lookout be kept for vessels from that quarter. It is confidently expected that the establishment of a system of sanitary inspection of vessels at the ports of Havana and Matanzas, Cuba, which has been done by the National Board of Health for the purpose of examining all vessels bound for ports in the United States, will greatly aid in preventing the introduction of fever into the United States from that quarter. Surgeons who recently volunteered for this dangereus work will soon be at their posts.

Both Pres. Cabell and Dr. Turner, Secretary of the Board, deny the rumor of their intention to resign their positions. They intend to remain in their present positions as long as their health and personal business affairs will permit.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 15.—Nine new cases were reported to the Board of Health up to noon, six of whom were colored Six interments were reported by undertakers, Frank Cunningham, Mary Dusold, Kate Forbes, Patrick Igse, Catherine Paillips, Amanda Nabers, the two last colored. Dr. R. W. Mitchell, member of the National Board of Health, came to Bartlett, Tenn., on a special train, but returned at once. He was enroute to Cairo, Ill., at which point there is to be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board Saturday. Dr. Jerome Cochrane has been ordered to Mobile which is his home.

An attempt is to be made to isolate Chilsea, a northern suburb of Memphis. Hereafter the street cars will not be permitted to enter its limits. There is not a single case of fever within its boundaries. All the prominent sick are reported better to-day. The weather is damp and cloudy.

CAIRO, Aug. 15.—Vice President Billings, Drs. Plunkett, of East Tennessee, Thompson, of Kentucky, Rauch, of Illinois, and others, are here, and Dr. Mitchell, of Memphis, and others, are expected to arrive in time to attend the meeting of the National Board of Health to be held here to-day.

A telegram received to-day says the physicians of Maysville, Miss., report the existence of yellow fever there.

The following gentlemen spent the day at the hospital quarantine boat below Cairo in consultation on public health matters: Drs Billings, Bemis, Mitchell and Johnson, of the National Board of Health, Plunkett, Thompson, and Rauch of the Sanitary Council, Warden, of the Illinois State Board of Health, and Francis, Health Commissioner of St. Louis, Langstaff, President of the Memphis Howard Association, Drs. Horner and Duval, of the Kansas State Board of Health, and Dr. Grocer, of the Hickman, Ky., Board of Health.

The Mayor and Messrs. Halliday and Smith, members of the Cairo Board of Health, together with Drs. Dunning, Gordon and Fisher, also accompanied the party. At the present time yellow fever is known to exist in the southwest, viz: in Memphis and Maysville, Miss.

As yet there is no positive information with regard to the latter point, but it is reported that the place has been infected by a box packed at Vicksburg during the epidemic last year. An inspector of the National Board has been sent there, as the place has no railroad or telegraph communication, and as all boats now avoid it.

MEMPHIS, August 17.—Twenty-five new cases were reported to the Board of Health to-day, 15 of whom are colored.

Among the whites are F. H. Finnie, Walter Finnie, Henry Finnie, Chas. H. Jonke, A. Baggio, H. P. Reckett and Mrs. Ella Lecoug.

Four deaths have occurred, F. H. Finnie, Paul Riss, Paul McLaughlin, and Dave V. Cronin.

Several additional cases of persons stricken beyon the corporation line have also been reported.

J. H. Hohn, a prescriptionist at Hessine's drug store, was prostrated this afternoon.

Edward K. Bedford died of yellow fever this morning at Bailey Station, Tenn., 20 miles east of this city, on the Charleston Railroad.

A fire early this morning destroyed a large brick building in the rear of Howard Row. It was formerly used as an ice house and was the property of the State Savings Association at St. Louis, and valued at $6,000; incendiary.

The weather is clear and cool. The thermometer has ranged between 62 and 76 degrees.

Mrs. Julia Sammons Tobine died yesterday at Grayson Springs, Ky.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.—Mrs. Philmott, of Memphis, who has been sick with yellow fever at the quarantine hospital for two weeks past, was discharged today, as was also Jerry Berello, an Italian, whose former residence is not stated. Two new cases of yellow fever were sent to quarantine to-day—Charles Loewbusche, from Greenville, Miss., and Thos. Jackson, a resident of this City, who has been in Memphis recently.

There are now six yellow fever patients at quarantine—all refugees from the South

MEMPHIS, Aug. 18.—Eight new cases were reported to the Board of Health up to noon—six whites and two colored. Among the number are H. Huyn, Cordelia Atwood, Ed Freeland, Wm. Carroll, and Mrs. Julia Zellar. Five deaths have occurred—Arthur L. White, Lorentz Sallis, Elizabeth Hilcher, W. C. Nelson and Alexander Franklin. The last named is colored. W. C. Nelson died five miles out on Popular street Boulevard. Gen John S. Skeffington, the prominent criminal lawer was prostated this morning. His calc is not yet reported to the Board of Health. Weather growing warmer.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 18.—Thirteen cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to-day, six of whom were colored.

Two additional deaths have occurred, Wm. Costello and Griffio Salvetta.

Thos. H. Cooke, a well known citizen, was stricken at noon, also J. H. Hock, a printer at the *Appeal* office.

Mrs. Van Anderson and daughter are down with the fever four and a half miles distance from the city, on the Poplar street boulevard. The lady is a daughter of ex Governor J. C. Jones, of Tennessee.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 19.—Eleven cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning, three of whom are colored. Four deaths have occurred since last night: Con. Sheeon, Pat Cavanaugh, Jas. Dolan, Anna Weiss. The authorities and Board of Health officials are in consultation arranging plans for the complete isolation of infected districts. Maj. W. W. Gny continues to grow worse. His condition is extremely critical. Hon. John Johnson, superintendent of the quarantine, acting under the direction of J. D. Plunkett, President of the State Board of Health, will send an inspecting officer to White Haven, Tenn., to aid in effecting the absolute isolation of the Goff family, sick with fever at that point. If necessary, the immediate neighborhood will be depopulated. The greatest energy will be used.

—SICK headaches incessantly dis'ress many. Let such use "Schen's Lung Cure." See a box.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor, made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading railroad official, Calcago, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Aug. 19.—Flour—Market is steady. Wheat is steady; extra, 101¼c; No 1 white at 98¾c cash; do seller August, 98¾c bid; do seller September, 99¼c; do seller October, 99c bid; seller November, 100¾c; milling No 1, 95c bid; 95¾c asked; amber, 98c asked. Receipts of wheat, 97,946 bu; shipments, 36,574 bu.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 18.—Breadstuffs—Flour—demand confined to meet the wants of consumers; western superfine, $2 85. Wheat dull; No 2 red in elevator, 108¾c. Corn less active; rejected, 47c; western mixed, 47¾@48c; yellow on track, 48½c. Oats less active; white western, 3 @36¼c; choice white, 37@37½c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 19.—Wheat neglected and nominal. Corn quiet and steady; sales 10,000 bu No. 2 mixed Western at 41c. Oats dull; sales of 1 car sample Ohio at 31c, on track. Rye neglected. Canal freights nominally unchanged. Railroad freights unchanged. Receipts—Flour, 7,739 bbls; wheat, 32,700 bu; corn, 153,125. Shipments—Wheat, 73,773 bu; corn, 91,997 bu. Canal —Wheat, 51,071 bu; corn, 73,750 bu.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 19.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—market advanced ½@2c; noon board closed firm at 93c for hard; 90c for No 1; 86¾c for No 2 cash and seller August; 87c for seller September; 86½c for seller October; 74c for No 3; 72c for No 4; 65c for rejected; receipts, 17,200 bu; shipments, 23,100 bu. Corn—Market steady at 38½c for No 2. Oats—Market steady at 25½c for No 2. Rye—market steady at 46c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 62c for No 2

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—Wheat strong and higher; No 2 spring, 87½@88c cash; 84½c bid seller September; 85¾c bid seller October. Corn firm and higher; 33¾c bid cash; 34¾c bid seller September; 34¾c bid seller October. Oats firmer at 25¾c cash and bid seller September; 24c seller October. Rye nominal at 49c. Barley, 73c bid seller September. Pork weak and lower; $8 40 for cash and September; $8 47½ seller October. Lard—market shade lower; $5 67½ cash and September; $5 70 seller October. Whisky at 10¢c. Hogs—Receipts, 11,000 head; market quiet and steady; light at $3 80@3 90; heavy shipping, $3 40@3 80; packing, at $3 20@3 60

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 19.—Flour unchanged; X, $3 85 @4 00; XX, $4 00@4 85; family, $4 50@4 95; choice, $4 90@5 10. Wheat higher; No. 2 red, 94¼@94½c cash; No. 3 Red, 87c. Corn dull at 26¾c bid. Oats steady at 21¼c. Whisky steady at 106c. Provisions—Pork quiet at $8 85 @9 00. Dry Salt meats nominally unchanged; clear ribs, $4 65@4 70; clear, $4 85@4 90. Bacon unchanged; clear ribs at $5 25@5 35; clear, $5 60@5 62½. Lard nominal at $5 65. Hogs—The market is slow; Yorkers to Baltimores, $3 60@3 80; packing, $3 00@3 40; butchers' $3 50@3 75; receipts, 1,700 head; shipments, — head.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 20.—The wheat market has been fairly active, prices now quoted as follows: Spot Amber at 98c; seller August, 97¾c; No. 2 Amber at 97c; No. 1 White Michigan at 100c; No. 3 White, 101¾c; No. 2 Red Wabash, spot, 98¼c; D. & M., and Canal, 98c; seller August, 98¼c; seller September, 97¾c and seller October at 98c; No. 3 Red Wabash at 96c; D. & M., 95¼c; Rejected Red at 88½c; No. 2 Amber Illinois at 99¾c; Western Amber at 98c. Corn dull at 38¾c for High-mixed, 38¾c for Rejected, and 40c for No. 2 White; No. 2, seller September, 33½c, and seller October, 38½@37¾c. Oats dull at 22c for No. 2, and 27c for No. 2 White; No. 2, seller September, at 24¾c.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—COTTON—is quiet at 11⅝c for middling uplands. Flour, in buyers' favor; receipts, 24,000 bbls; sales, 10,000 bbls; extra state, $4 15@4 40; extra western, $4 10@4 40; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 25@5 75. Rye Flour steady at $3 40@3 90. Wheat—Spring dull; receipts, 230,000 bu; sales, 104,000 bu; No. 1 White, seller August, 1104c. Rye dull; 64c for No. 2 Western; 67c for State and Canada. Corn is dull; receipts, 176,000 bu; sales, 55,000 bu; 45¾@46¼c for Western Mixed. Barley quiet and nominal. Oats dull and heavy; receipts, 77,000 bu; sales, 25,000 bu; 34½@38c for mixed western; 35½@39c for white. Pork is dull at $8 90. Beef steady and quiet. Lard is reported as quiet at $5 97½@6 00. Butter—7@10½c. Cheese—2@5½c. Whiskey—106½c. Sugar—5¾@6⅝c. Eggs—13@16c. Petroleum—5¾c for crude, and 9¾c for refined. Tallow—5¾c. Coal dull and unchanged. Leather steady and good trade. Wool very firm and in fair inquiry.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 19.—Breadstuffs—Flour—Quiet and steady; western superfine, at $2 85 @3 50; do extra, $3 75@4 50; do family, $5 00 @5 75. Wheat—Western reported as quiet; No 2 western winter red, spot sales, 108¾@109¼c; do seller August, 108¾@108¾c; seller September, 108½@108¾c; seller October, 109c@109¼c. Corn—Western is reported steady; western mixed, spot and August, 46½@46⅝c; do seller August, at 46¼@46⅜c; do seller September, 47@47¼c; seller October, 47⅜@47⅝c; seller November, 47¾@48c. Oats steady and fairly active; western white 32@34c; do mixed, 29 @31c. Pennsylvania, 32@33c. Rye quiet; good to prime, 58@60c. Hay quiet; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $13 00@14 00. Provisions—market is firmer, without quotable change. Mess pork, at $10